

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## ALONG NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

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BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

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THE most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle Isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little north-east of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle Isle I cannot say; for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail-steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge, the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheard at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut with provisions for shipwrecked sailors; the gray morning mists made the sea look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle Isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern, I felt

that we were indeed drawing away from civilization; and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in Arctic and Antarctic waters in such numbers, variety, and grandeur. The branch of the Gulf Stream which pushes its way into the Arctic Ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice-sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went up on deck, I counted no less than one hundred and thirty-five huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spire-like grace high up into

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the air; all reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.

The "iron-bound" coast of Labrador is guarded by groups of islands—barren, hopeless, and forlorn-looking rocks, all the more desolate in appearance for the miserable fishing-huts or "tilts" that have been thrown together on them. Entering through some narrow passage between these islands, the steamer anchors for the night in a rock-bound basin; for it is too dangerous work to navigate the Labrador waters after dark. The narrow passages between the islands, both along the Labrador and in the Newfoundland bays, are called "tickles," and aptly so, for it seems as if the sea had reached out foamy fingers and tickled the rocky ribs of the coast until it split its sides with grim, stormy laughter. One evening we found one of these tickles nearly blocked by a huge iceberg which had drifted into it and grounded. We passed near enough to feel its chilling breath, and to have thrown a biscuit on it, as the sailors say. We had hardly anchored in the harbor before we heard loud reports in rapid succession, like the firing of field artillery. Looking in the direction from which they came, we saw above the heights that surrounded the basin, the peak of the iceberg swaying slowly and majestically to and fro, and finally disappearing, a peak of different shape rising up from behind the height and taking its place. They say that an avalanche is sometimes so delicately poised that the vibrations from a shout or a hand-clap will start it on its destructive course, and possibly the wash from our steamer had disturbed the iceberg's equilibrium. At night the moon rose and the Northern Lights throbbed in the sky; so that the iceberg's peak was at times bathed in silver, at times in a clear translucent crimson. It is n't often you find a combination of iceberg, moonlight, and Northern Lights; and feeling that I might never again behold such an exquisite scene, I remained for hours on deck watching it.

I think the height of icebergs is usually overstated. When an object towers above you, it is apt to seem much higher than it really is. At first sight I thought some of the bergs we passed were four or five hundred feet high, but I doubt if the highest was over two hundred.

But you can imagine what a vast mass of ice a berg is, when I remind you that only about one tenth of it is above water. It is dangerous to venture near an iceberg, because you never know when you may strike upon its submerged portion as upon a rock. The captain of a Newfoundland steamer—he was an old Arctic navigator, too—once ran near a berg to please some passengers. The wash from the steamer disturbed the berg's equilibrium and caused it to sway. Part of it that had been under water rose to the surface under the steamer and lifted it out of the water. For a moment it seemed as if the vessel was doomed. It might have been crushed under tons of falling ice, or toppled bottom up into the sea. Fortunately there was a slope in the ice down which the steamer slid as from the launching-ways. No great damage was done, but I doubt if that captain ever again gratifies his passengers' curiosity. Of course some icebergs are mere mounds, and the fishermen have a cheerful method of securing their ice-supply by going out in their boats, catching a small berg, and towing it ashore. Not only bergs but ice-packs are often seen here in summer. The fishermen call a pack a "loom of ice"; and on my cruise I saw late in August, off Cape Harrigan, the white glare of the distant loom, which the week before had kept nearly the whole offshore fishing-fleet helplessly locked in one of the harbors.

Owing to the vanguard of rocky islands strung out along this coast, harbors are numerous—so numerous that a quaint Western man, the only passenger besides myself who ventured on the mail-boat this cruise, remarked that if harbors were only worth a cent apiece, Labrador would be one of the richest countries in the world. But, in spite of these many shelters, rocks and ice are so fatal to shipping on this coast that the mail-boat rarely returns from a trip without bringing in some shipwrecked crew. After one storm three hundred shipwrecked sailors were transferred by her at Battle Harbor to the larger vessel which plies between there and St. John's. On our trip we picked up the crew of a stanch English vessel whose captain had, in entering one of the tickles, to choose between ice and rocks, and so ran her on the latter. When we entered a

SCENE IN LABRADOR. ICEBERGS BY MOONLIGHT AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

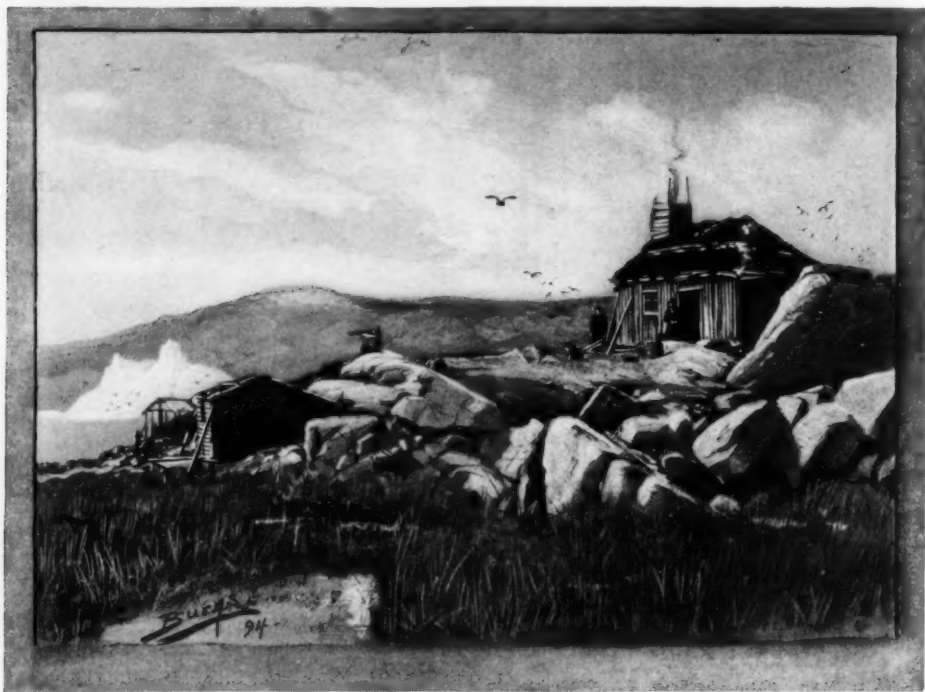


harbor our mate always took soundings, but before we let go the anchor our captain would sing out: "Any timber, Mr. Parsons?" If the mate said "Yes," it meant that some vessel had left its poor old ribs on the rocky bottom, and we must drift on and sound again.

Sometimes Labrador is ice-bound from September till June; but through all this long and dreary winter the lighthouse-keeper on

fuel enough to maintain camp-fires. Often, indeed, they had difficulty in making even a little blaze for cooking.

Naturally, such a country has not invited settlers, and it is not surprising to learn that in its whole vast area—two and a half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland—there are not more than four thousand dwellers; of these only about one half are whites, the others



RED BAY. A LABRADOR OUTPOST.

Belle Isle must maintain his watch, to be ready to light the lamp when the break-up comes. For months he sees nothing but a frozen plain, uncertain of footing and impassable, and in the distance the ice-sheathed cliffs of Newfoundland. The few who have made their way to the interior of Labrador say it is a vast wilderness of huge boulders, varied only by morasses and lakes. An old French writer speaks of it as the "Land of Cain," and the latest explorers complained that they suffered bitterly from cold because they could not find

being Eskimos and Hudson Bay Company trappers and hunters. These are a shiftless lot who come down to the nearest Company post early in summer, and exchange their pelts for provisions, planting themselves down at the post, and proceeding to gorge themselves until their entire stock is exhausted. A pound of tea and a bag of flour is the most that one band of these "mountaineers" has been known to carry back—all they had to show, except temporarily satisfied appetites, for their whole winter's work as hunters in that desolate region.





twenty years at one of these desolate outposts of civilization, went to London for a little change, returned to Labrador as soon as possible because he found London "so lonely"; and Hudson Bay Company agents who have given up their positions to go back to civilization have been glad to return to their posts. They missed the free, open-air life; but above all, probably, their autocratic sway, which makes them kings within the boundaries of the post.

A Labrador fishing-stage usually consists of



1. FISHING WITH A SPY-GLASS.  
2. DRYING THE NETS.

These trappers and hunters are Indians, but are always called "mountaineers"; while the Eskimos, who have not a drop of Indian blood in them, are called Indians, though "Huskies" is the favorite term for them among the fishermen. The fishermen, mostly Newfoundlanders, skirt the Labrador coast in summer in deep-water craft, or fill up the rough fishing-stages on the rocky islands, which during the winter have been either wholly deserted, or left in charge of a storekeeper.

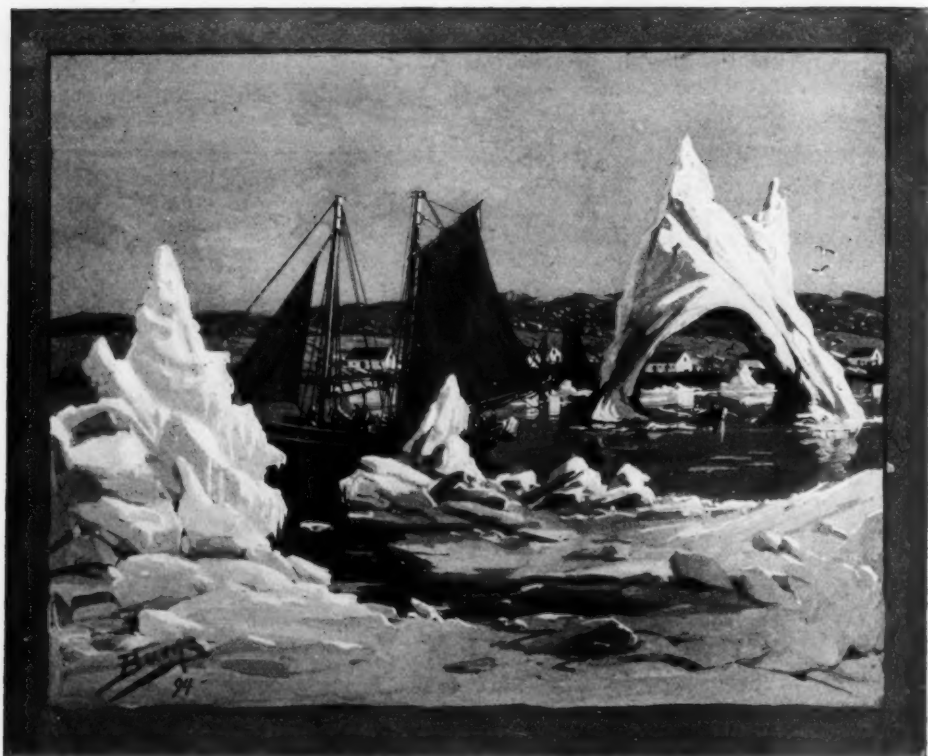
There must be some attraction in this wild life; for a keeper who, after living



"GASHERS"—LABRADOR FISHING-BOATS.

a long, low frame-house, and little one-room huts, or "tilts," as they are called. The house is used as a store and dwelling for the agent of the Newfoundland merchant who has fitted up the stage. All the fishermen who occupy the tilts work for the merchant, and are paid for their fish in provisions from the store.

out boats, bottom up, and nets spread over the ground to dry. Here, too, I saw for the first time the dapper little Labrador gasher—a small fishing-craft not much larger than a dory, but with sharp prow and stern, and two masts fitted with reddish-brown sails. These are telling bits of color when the gashers skim over the deep



A FISHING-VESSEL IN A LABRADOR "TICKLE."

The tilts are like those seen in the Newfoundland fishing and mining outposts (every settlement in Newfoundland except St. John's is an outpost). The sides are logs set upright and supporting sod-covered roofs—wretched abodes at the best. Along the Straits of Belle Isle the Labrador coast is fringed with a strip of coarse grass land, and here you may see an occasional small vegetable-garden surrounded by a fish-net for a fence. At Blanc Sablon I saw a desolate little burying-ground amid the swaying rushes. Near by lay a couple of worn-

blue water, with the foam streaking along their quarters and glittering in their wake. Altogether it was a varied scene: the headland, from a staff on which there fluttered the flag of the merchant who owned the "outfit"; the gashers dashing in and out among the punts and jacks (stoutly built two-stickers larger than the gashers); a fishing-schooner with furled sails, but with toil-stained nets streaming from her spars in an endless variety of lights and shadows, according as the meshes twisted or bulged in the breeze; and in the distance the



A DELFY AT LITTLE BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

exquisite green-and-white spires of an iceberg. A note of toil drones through it all, however;

for women are sawing and chopping wood while the men are hauling the nets. A curious implement of fishing in these waters is a spy-glass with plain window-glass in place of a lens. A man in the bow of a fishing-boat thrusts the glass in the water, and, peering through it, discovers whether there are fish enough on the bottom to make it worth while to anchor; for anchoring in deep water is a toilsome matter.

In winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world. One "komitick," or dog-sled, mail reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring. The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavor at least once a winter to visit by komitick the few scattered white settlers within a hundred miles or so of the missions. Sometimes the komitick is overtaken by a severe snow-storm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gases from the camp-fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travelers are sheltered from the icy blasts. At Battle Har-



BRINGING IN WOOD ON A "DOG-AND-SAIL" SLED.

bor, Labrador, where there is a church (there are only two churches, I think, on the Labrador coast south of the Moravian missions), they have a public sewing-machine, and one long

As the Battle Harbor mission is too poor to furnish the wee church with a bell, the rector signals the call to service with a flag. High among the rocks at Little Bay, Newfound-

land, I saw two little churches. One of these had a small belfry perched on a still higher rock. The other's bell swung from a tall spar; and to ring it one was obliged to climb a ladder much like the shrouds of a vessel. The dog-sled is also the regular method of winter traveling over the frozen bays of Newfoundland; only it is drawn by Newfoundland dogs instead of by the half-wolfish Eskimo canines upon which the men of Labrador have to rely. The Eskimo dogs, with the equally savage mosquitos, make life ashore a burden during summer in Labrador. A stick to beat off the dogs and a veil as a protection against the mosquitos are absolutely necessary. It is a curious fact that the further north you go the more pestiferous the mosquitos become. They are worse in Labrador than in

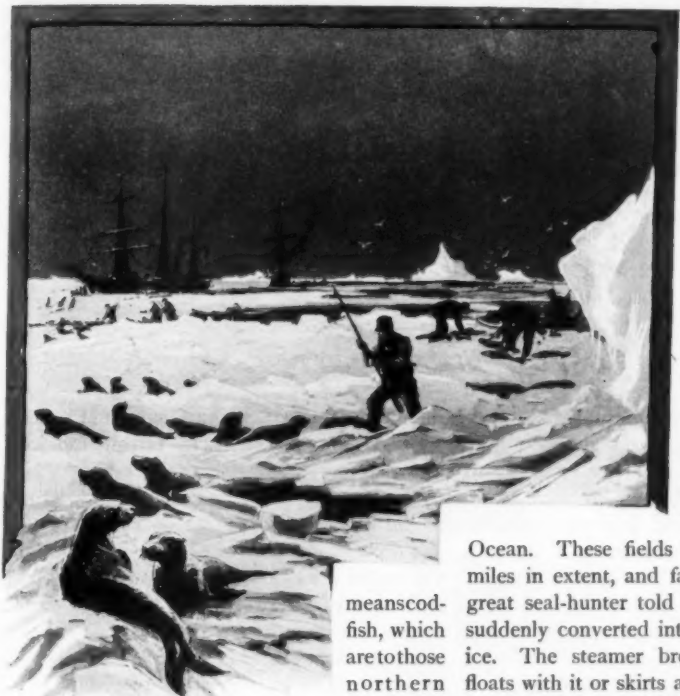


LOGIE BAY, COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

winter, when the kerosene-oil supply became very low, the women gathered at the parsonage and did their sewing by the parsonage lamp.

New Jersey, and are still worse in Greenland than even in Labrador.

"Fish" in Newfoundland and Labrador



SEALING IN LABRADOR.

meanscod-fish, which are to those northern countries what cotton is to the South. All other

fish, except salmon, they despise, for "fish" is money. With it they buy their clothes, their flour, tea, "bread" (hard sea-biscuit), and, above all, their "long sweetness" (molasses), which are about the only edibles you will find in ninety-nine out of a hundred tilts. When a Newfoundlander speaks of Venison Tickle, or some other fishing-stage, as the "garden of Labrador," he does not mean that flowers and vegetables grow there in abundance, but that the waters of the tickle teem with "fish." In Newfoundland fishing is carried on from regularly settled villages and several of the larger outpost towns. The fishing-village best known among tourists is Quiddy Viddy, about two miles from St. John's; but Logie Bay, five miles from that city, is the more picturesque. The bay is simply a narrow split in the beetling cliffs. Lines to which the boats are moored have been hung across it, and so steep are the sides that the fish are pitchforked from platform to platform built

over narrow shelves at successive heights, the huts hanging from the declivity far above the level of the sea, like cliff-swallows' nests.

Late in February the Newfoundland sealing-steamers break through the ice in St. John's harbor, and make their way to some northern outpost, lying there until March 10, the earliest date on which the law allows them to "go to the ice." They stand out to sea until they meet the immense fields

Ocean. These fields are often many square miles in extent, and fairly teem with seals. A great seal-hunter told me that the sea seemed suddenly converted into an ocean of seals and ice. The steamer breaks into the jam and floats with it or skirts along the edge, the crew, two or three hundred in number, taking to the floating ice and living there for days and nights. The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you are looking at them. The poor creatures are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff finishing them. The hunter then "sculps," or skins them, inserting a sharp knife under the fat and with marvelous dexterity taking off the "pelt"—skin and fat together—in about a minute and a half. A party of men will "pan" their pelts,—pile them up to the number of about a thousand,—and thrust a gaff with the ship's flag into the pan. When there are pans enough, the steamer breaks into the ice and hauls them aboard with a donkey-winch; or the men drag them to the vessel's side.

The Newfoundland seal-hunters always speak of seals as "swiles," and for our word carry they say "spell." A school-master, who had been listening to a seal-hunter's story, said sneeringly:

"Swiles! How do you spell swiles?"

"We don't spell 'em," replied the hunter; "we most generally hauls 'em!"





BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

YESTERDAY I found a delightful book, and of course it was in an attic. Our ancestors may not have stored things in attics expressly to have us discover them, but we continue to do so from time to time, and they are undoubtedly more interesting from being a bit cobwebby and mysterious. The attic in which I found the delicious book had in it hidden things which looked as if they might be the first patterns of everything we use now. Probably the most desirable trait about this attic was that it did not possess a place for anything or anything in its place.

For instance, I found a bonnet hanging on a pair of andirons.

But for the green silk strings no one would ever dream it was a bonnet. It looked much more like a coal-scuttle, and had as many enormous bones as a prehistoric skeleton. It must have belonged to a very-great-grandmother. No one without several greats before her name could have worn that bonnet! Behind the andirons was a cradle, and in the cradle was a long pole with a red silk arrangement which once meant a fire-screen. Beside it stood a clock with a moon face and long chains and weights. It looked so much like a Dutch doll, with just head and legs, that I laughed aloud. But an attic is not a place in which to laugh unless one has company. Everything was rebukingly still, and so was I immediately.

Near the clock was a table shaped like a long-legged spider. It looked as if just ready to walk off alone. I was quite sure it belonged to the bonnet and the fire-screen, and that

somewhere there were blue cups and saucers, which one might break by talking too loud, and that they belonged to the table.

In a far corner stood a picture with its face to the wall.

I drew it out and rested it against the table. Of course it was dusty. I never heard of the right sort of an attic which was kept dusted. It was the picture of a lady. I knew that at once, just as we always know a lady when we see one. The picture was rather dim, but I could easily discern that she was very young and slim, with a white throat and bright, dark eyes. Her hair, done very high, was of a ruddy brown, and she had on a short-waisted white satin frock, and held a half-open fan primly in her hands.

It was easy to see that she was just where she belonged—beside the spider-legged table. I had no doubt that she could have told the whereabouts of the blue cups and saucers! Thinking about this lady, my eyes encountered another pair of eyes staring straight at mine. My heart jumped once and stood still until I recognized the eyes as my own.

I was gazing into a mirror. It was a dim, queer mirror with a crack like an enormous smile across its face, and pale enough to hold only the ghost of light which once shone in it. Two rods supported it. They held a brass candlestick apiece, and rested on a little stand which had a drawer. I sat down on a hair-trunk before this little stand. The drawer had brass knobs and might have been locked once, but time or rust made it open easily, and then—



such an assortment of odds and ends! Faded ribbons and flowers and beads, and a feather-fan which, when I opened it, filled the air with a musty dust that made me sneeze! Under these scraps was a box, and under the box was a book—*The book*.

The box first.

It held a silk bag, yellow with age—a bag

colored; and painted on one pale blue side was a young person in rose-colored panniers and enormous hoops, who was coyly accepting a bouquet from a young gentleman who wore crimson breeches and a white wig.

Where had I seen that fan? My eyes met those of the lady. Yes, the same fan was in her hand. I could just make out a glimpse of



"THOU MUST BE UP AND AWAY BEFORE BREAK OF DAWN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

which used to be called a reticule. In the reticule were a handkerchief, fine and lacy and also yellow; a tiny looking-glass set in shells; and a square of paper carefully pinned. The last contained only dry, yellow rose-leaves. Under the bag lay another fan. It had delicate sticks and a cord and tassel which once were rose-

the rose-hued damsel and the bouquet. Inside the box-top was written one word, nearly faded out:

*Lois.*

She was Lois, then, this young lady with the slim white throat and the dark eyes, and this

was her fan; and Lois, I knew, had been my great-grandaunt. The book came next.

It had a square of paper pasted on its brown cover, and on it was written in unformed characters:

LOIS, HER BOOK.

Underneath, in the same childish letters:

"mother Says i shall Rite dayly in This book that Whitch doth impress Me most and Also that falt whitch needs Be coreckted."

She immediately adds:

"i need Care in My Riting and speling."

There begins from that date, on which she says she is eight years of age, a daily chronicle written with laborious care. It noted some occurrences which the child thought important, or some faults which she was trying to correct.

The second entry reads thus:

"the Ducks strayed to the Berynground [doubtless the churchyard] i Went to fetch them but Did not Want to."

The third entry:

"Father says i Can Hav Clovers Caf fore my Owne. i wud Hav it wen it Grows Bigger and Get More munny. Mother says Munny is A Root of Evle whitch i do not Understand We do Not plante munny."

These entries varied only according to the daily duties in the domestic régime, or the childish faults which were sometimes noted with a large black cross on certain days. On two occasions the pages were sadly smeared and blurred as if unwilling tears had been shed thereon. Once was when the Dominie made her turn her face to the wall for being late to school because she stopped to pick blackberries. Again was when her mother forced her to rip out a long seam twice and do it over. This last was evidently written in an outburst of childish rebellion, for the black cross was very heavy.

At a date two years later my Aunt Lois's handwriting and spelling had improved vastly. The steady, painstaking practice of writing daily in her book showed its results. In the time which followed she grew older rapidly, doubtless from hearing and experiencing the excitement shed around her by the expected War of the Revolution. The Day Book soon ceased to be a

daily duty. When she wrote, it was with the grave fears and hopes which she heard uttered by her elders, yet, withal, a note here and there of her own vivacious spirit which she admits "doth cause my mother oftentimes to shake her head and rebuke me for having many words."

At the bursting of the war-cloud of American Revolution she goes on to tell of busy hours filled by herself and her mother in preparing food and supplies. Then comes the day when her father left home to enter the army, and again the page is blurred.

There is little of importance thereafter until the longest entry of all, which I will copy from my Aunt Lois's book, beginning under the date of January 10, 1777.

She writes:

When I awakened New Year's night and beheld my mother over me with a candle, I thought it was a dream, but she laid her hand on me and spake aloud:

"Lois! Lois! Awake quickly; I have need of thee!"

[The mother of my great-grandaunt being raised a Friend, both she and Aunt Lois had acquired their mode of speech. She continues:]

"It is not dawn," said I; for not having a man to help us, I must even go out to the barn at dawn and make ready for the day.

"No, God be thanked, it is not dawn," quoth my mother. "Thou must be up and away before break of dawn, my child; so hasten!"

I sprang up and quickly put on my clothing, knowing that my mother would explain it in her own time, for at best she hath few words. Coming nearer, she said, "Breathe it not, Lois, but thy father is here,—shot!"

"My father!—here—shot?—" I began in fear. But she urged me to hasten and pause not. My mother then made known to me how that my father had been given a most perilous errand,—namely, to gather some information, and bear it or send it by means of a paper to our Commander-in-chief, General Washington, he then being, as my father surmised, on his way from Trenton to Princeton, but nobody knew by what road. My father, in making a wide circuit around for better concealment, was shot; but not so "General," his horse, who

rushed for the woods, and in so doing concealed my father the better. My mother went on to tell me that inasmuch as my father did lose several hours from unconsciousness and weakness, though still clinging to General's neck, he found himself when he aroused all but home, whereto General had brought him straight.

"'T is wonderful he did not fall off!" spake my mother; "and, Lois, see to 't no one learns from thee of thy father's coming."

"Nay," quoth I; "there is no other gossip to prattle with saving thyself and Clover."

Then marked I my mother's face as she laid her hand upon her heart and let her eyes rest upon me, and some way I understood.

"Lois," quoth she, "thy father's errand must be finished for him. I dare not leave him to go."

"Nay," said I; "I will go, mother."

She spake not, but turned away, and I saw she was sorely troubled.

"Mother," spake I, hastening the more, "let it not fright thee. I know not what the errand be, but my father is wise and good, and I will but do as he saith. I have no fear!"

"Nay, hadst thou more I would fret less," spake my mother. "Thou art thy father again, Lois,—ever venturesome and knowing not of fear!"

While speaking she laid by me my heavy quilted petticoat and pelisse, for the snow which came after was already in the air. Then by the lantern's light, at my mother's bidding, I put my own saddle on General George, adding my father's saddle-pockets. For General, whom I have named after good General Washington, hath tremendous strength, and was already, having had a meal, fit to be off again. I then straightway ate a hasty bit which my mother had prepared, placing the remainder in the saddle-pockets. My mother then put on me her own quilted bonnet, and over it tied a heavy comforter: I still not knowing what it was I should undertake, but knowing I should hear in good time. I strove to push back the comforter, but my mother adjusted it, saying:

"Nay; let be! 'T were better to have thy face covered when a lass like thee goes about at such an hour."

Then in the dim light I sought my father's couch, where he had fallen an hour before.

"My daughter, are you there?" spake my father.

I answered, and drew nigh as he said:

"You are going an errand for me, daughter?"

"Yes, father," quoth I.

"Do you know its nature, Lois?" said he, weakly.

"No, father," said I.

"It is to bear that which is of value and intrusted to me. It must go to the first officer of the American army you can find this side of the town."

"The town!" quoth I, in wonderment; for that is full thirty miles away.

"And I would not have you go thinking it a safe or wise thing for a maid to do," quoth he. "There are dangers which I cannot even warn you against, not knowing them. Only this: you may be arrested and searched, Lois; hence you must bear naught about your person. You must also feign some reason for going toward the town at this time; hence, your mother will put in the saddle-pockets two ducks she hath already killed. You are going to bear them to Mistress Van Tyne, who dwells this side of the town; they are a New Year's dinner from thy mother—" His voice failed from weakness, and my mother held a hot drink to his lips before he went on.

"One thing, my daughter: should you be halted on the way, and should they strive to take the ducks, give up the white one with a show of resistance, but hold to the black one with life and wit—"

"And why the black one, father?" I asked.

"The papers are in its craw."

I being too amazed at this to speak, he went on.

"Should you find no trouble, and should you meet with one of our own commanders, give him the paper or the duck, and tell him straightway what I have told you. Should no one meet or molest you, ride on to Mistress Van Tyne's, near by the town. Tell her all, and that 't is pressing needful that the black duck be sent on to General Washington. I know not where you may find any of our men six hours hence. Keep but your eye keen, your wit clear, and your trust in God. Go, now!" I kissed my father and went, as he bade me.

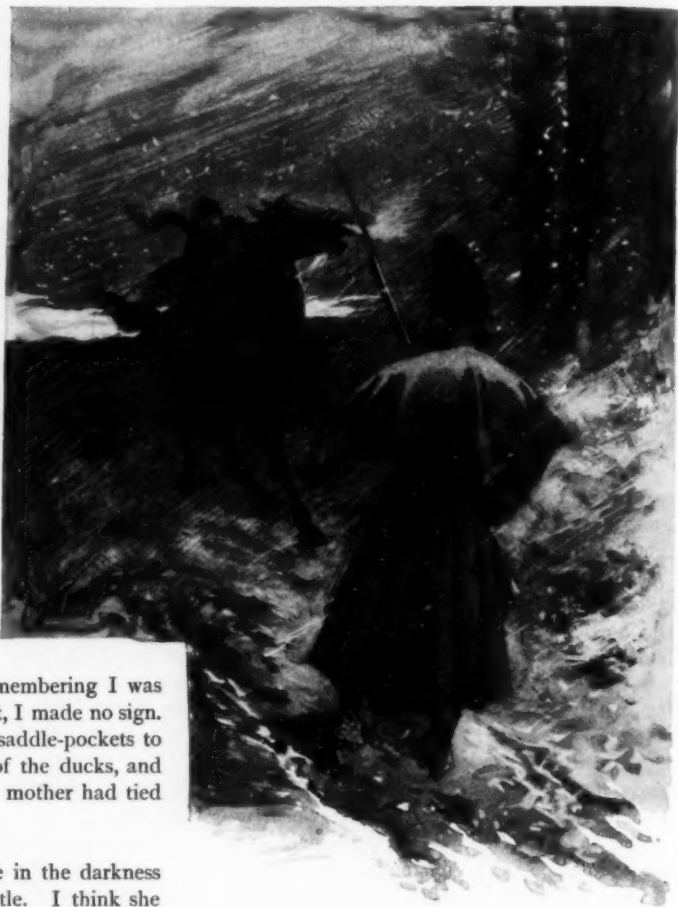
"The pass, which may be of use to thee, is stitched in the crown of thy hood, lest wind blow it away," said my mother, kissing me. She followed me with a lantern, as I went out and mounted General George.

It was very dark and cold; and my mother held my hand closely for an instant, and then went in and shut the door. There was no sound as General cantered down the lane, saving here and there the faint bark of a dog, and always the echo of the horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. I knew that he must not go too hard at the first; for both he and I would need the speed and exercise when it grew colder, as it soon did. I felt it but little for some time, so muffled was I by the comforter. Indeed, at cock's crow I marked two women going toward their barns with lanterns; but they would not have known me, and remembering I was about business of moment, I made no sign. Now and then I felt the saddle-pockets to be certain of the safety of the ducks, and of the bag of feed which mother had tied on for General.

Of the long, lonely ride in the darkness my Aunt Lois says but little. I think she must have been bent too seriously on her errand to feel actual fear, although once she speaks of being startled for an instant by a scarecrow in a field "which did come upon me suddenly." She continues:

The way was all alike save that as I rode I became more and more stiff and tired; but I feared to get down lest some one should come suddenly from ambush and steal the ducks.

Mile after mile did General and I travel before the first summons to halt, which was about daybreak. The sudden stopping brought my heart into my mouth. I had turned a corner and come upon a clearing against a bit of woods. There was a small fire, and some men



"THE SENTRY BADE ME HALT."

around it. Another did walk sentry-like to and fro. 'Twas he who bade me halt. He scanned me most curiously, and then laid his hand on General's bridle.

"You are my prisoner, mother; so dismount!" quoth he, very superior-like.

"Nay, nay, good sir," said I, ducking a

courtesy as well as one may on horseback. "I have often heard tell how that the brave British would fight only their equals or superiors in strength, whereas old women and children are by right left unmolested."

"Truly said, mother," quoth he, laughing. "You bear at least a ready tongue, but you may be bearing more than your tongue, for aught I know. Whither would you ride at this hour, and alone?"

"I go alone because I know each stick and stone of the way, good sir; and I go for that I bear a pair of ducks for Mistress Van Tyne as a New Year's gift from our own farm."

He shook his head, and the men near by began to gather around, while my heart did sink lower than the ground on which General was pawing. But at the instant two horsemen appeared out of the woods. One rode rapidly up and drew rein before me, and I marked that he was fair and well built, with honest blue eyes and fearless of mien.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"A prisoner, sir," said the man at General's head.

"Nay," quoth the young officer, "'t is an old lady! What will you, mother? You had better turn about and go back home before you meet others."

"Nay, good sir," quoth I; "for I have a pass permitting my family to go to and from the town with supplies. But 't is stitched in the crown of my hood. So I would I might remove my hood, good sir, and prove it thee!"

At this the young officer laughed, and said he, "I am sorry, mother, to have you remove your hood in the cold; but it needs must be unless you become my prisoner before instead of afterward!"

"Nay, nay," quoth I; "I would fain remove my hood, then; for I have had that off before, but I have never yet been prisoner of war!" So dropping the reins on General's neck, I unwound the comforter. The air felt most grateful to my head, which was warm, and my face flushed; and as I pushed the hood back my hair did tumble all about my neck in troublesome confusion, and the soldier who had cried "Halt!" exclaimed aloud:

"By my sword, 't is a lass!"

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The officer made a sign toward him, and as I looked up he bowed, his own face being quite flushed, and said:

"You will pardon me, fair Mistress, for mistaking your age!"

"Surely, sir, 't was the fault of the hood and comforter," quoth I, meeting his frank, blue eyes as I handed him the pass from out the hood.

"This allows no luggage, Mistress," he spake hesitatingly.

"Oh, I bear no luggage," said I, "save a New Year's dinner which I did raise myself."

I was fumbling at the saddle-pockets, meanwhile, with a show of courage which I did not feel, for my heart was thumping because of the black duck.

I drew it out,—for I saw he was waiting to see what I might carry,—and laid it across General's neck, meanwhile stroking its glossy plumage.

"And wilt thou help me lift the other one out, good sir," said I, "that thou mayest examine the saddle-pockets and the bag of feed for my horse?" So, holding the white duck in one hand, he examined the saddle-pockets with the other.

"Following my own will, Mistress," said he, "I would fain let you go on; but know you not that Lord Cornwallis hath already crossed the Assanpink, and hath his forces stationed in the town? Hence you will surely be arrested and searched this side of it. Therefore, Mistress, my duty is—" He paused, and in a second I saw that I had to do as my father had enjoined, and use my wit.

Taking up the black duck, I held it outward, saying, "Good sir, please hold this, too, for me an instant"; which he did; and I slipped from General's back, nearly falling from stiffness as I reached the ground. I shook out my petticoat, and showed the empty saddle; then I laid my hand upon his horse's neck, looking up in his face, and said I:

"Thou hast my word, sir, that thou dost hold in thy hands my sole reason for going up to town. I bear naught else about my person, and that I may prove the ducks quite good to eat, I pray thee keep one of them, and so share our New Year's dinner."

"Go to, little Mistress!" quoth he, looking



down on me, with a laugh. "A skilful pleader for one so young! Thinkest to bribe the British army?"

"Nay," said I, meeting his honest blue eyes as I leaped back on General. "I think not, good sir, indeed; but I would fain thou shouldst keep one, for 't is like as not thou art far from home." As I spoke, I took the black duck, and left the white one in his hand.

"Thank you kindly, sweet Mistress," said he; "but despite my will, I must do my duty, and I fear me thou must come with us."

Even as he spake there was a burst of musketry from the woods behind them, which made him wheel around, and every man spring to his feet. In a trice I had given General such a cut as he never had before, and darting ahead, dashed down the road to the left, whither I galloped like mad, pausing not to look behind until I knew there was a mile or more between us, and that I was not being overtaken. Then, halting, I fastened the duck again in the saddle-pocket, and let General take it slowly while I wondered what next to do.

My Aunt Lois then tells of her quandary on leaving the town to be full of British.

"I did not fret to think of being a prisoner," she writes; "for at worst I knew they would not shoot a defenseless maid. But I feared me lest they should seize the black duck."

She then made up her mind to go straight ahead, and to hold until the last to the black duck—"which," she says, "they should not take from me unless by force of arms, and then I was determined to go likewise!"

She had no further stoppings until she found herself six miles from the town, riding by a piece of woods. She heard there the sound of horses and of tramping.

"And then it was," she writes, "that I felt somewhat of fright, and straightway wheeled General into the woods, and waited. It was a body of men coming very rapidly and, methought, quietly, and my heart thumped loudly until—what was my joy to see the uniforms of our own American army! Knowing this, perhaps, to be my only chance, I rode out in the road straight before them, whereat they halted in much surprise."

Then Aunt Lois tells of her interview with their leader, General Mercer, who got his mortal wounds shortly after at Stony Bridge.

"He was in great haste," she writes, "and I said I did but bear a black duck of which I must tell him, whereupon he ordered his men to march on, and straightway said he, in some surprise:

"Now, Mistress, what is it?"

"It is my father's—John Bradley's—errand," quoth I, 'to bear this black duck to one who would send it or its contents to General Washington this morn, immediately.'

"So!" said he, drawing a long breath. 'And thy father?'

"Was shot while making his way with the papers."

"And the papers?"

"Are in the duck's craw, sir," said I, drawing the bird from out my saddle-pocket.

"And at what time didst start, little Mistress?"

"At two o'clock this morn, sir."

"Well, well!" He took the duck and slung it across his saddle before him. 'I must hasten. I shall see General Washington within an hour, God willing, and he shall get the papers—if not by me, by some one else. Good day, Mistress Bradley.' He bowed. 'The American army has done well to count you in it!'

"In truth, sir," said I, 'if they count by hearts, and not by muskets, their biggest following is left behind!'

"Which, when I did tell my mother to-day, she shook her head at me from the buttery door, saying, 'Lois! Lois!' But my father, from his couch where he lieth weak, saith, 'Tut! Let the lass be, so that she doth but speak the truth!'—which from my heart I did."

My Aunt Lois's ride home was uneventful. As every step took her further from the approaching armies, she was unmolested, and feared naught save that General might give out. It was snowing hard for the greater part of her journey, and the horse stumbled homeward, stiff with cold and lame with fatigue. She writes:

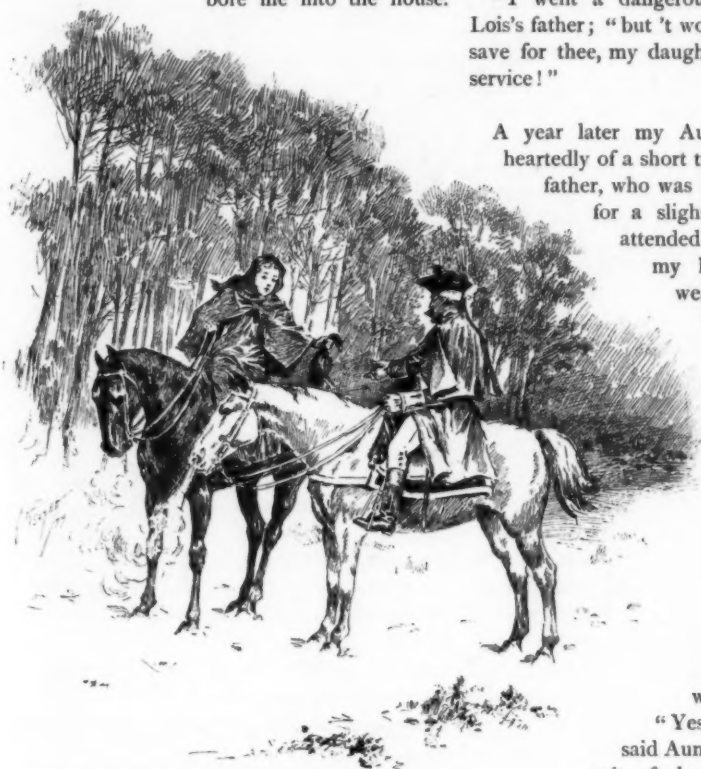
"Twice after night-time I fell asleep on General's neck; and when I spied the candlelight from the kitchen window, from sheer joy



I could have wept. But I called to mind what the officer had said about being in the American army, so bore up until my mother did open the door and fly outward. I could not stand alone, and fell forward when I slipped from General's back. They raised me and bore me into the house.

I think, though, that she was fully repaid even before her father showed her a letter, long afterward, signed "G. Washington," which among other things expressed the writer's thanks "for an important service rendered his country."

"I went a dangerous errand," said Aunt Lois's father; "but 't would have been naught save for thee, my daughter; so yours was the service!"



LOIS DELIVERS THE BLACK DUCK TO GENERAL MERCER.

"But once in the light of the fire, I marked, for the first time in my life, the tears running down my mother's face as she held a hot posset to my lips.

"'Tell father it went safely,' said I,—the black duck'; and then I must have fallen dead asleep at once, on the settle whereunto my mother drew me."

My Aunt Lois must have slept for many hours after that ride, of the hardship of which she says so little, though she owns, the second day after, to "a sorely stiff and cramped feeling."

A year later my Aunt Lois writes light-heartedly of a short trip southward with her father, who was quite recovered "but for a slight lameness," when she attended a grand ball "with my hair done high, and wearing a new sleeveless white satin gown—the same which father hath had done in the portrait." On which occasion she had the honor of a presentation to General and Lady Washington; where, upon General Washington, who knew her father, said:

"And is this the Mistress Bradley who carried the duck?"

"Yes, your Excellency," said Aunt Lois, laughing,—*"a pair of ducks; but I bethought me that thou wert sharing naught else*

*with the British, hence I gave them one!"*

"At which," she writes, "my mother doth shake her head, and say, 'Oh, Lois! Lois! Thou wilt ever have the last word!'"

Sweet, bright, brave Aunt Lois!

I closed the book, smiling at its blithe pages, and knowing that some time sad ones must follow. But, if they do, they belong solely to the dim, ghostly attic and the dead rose-leaves, whereas I know she would gladly have us read about the black duck!



A BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

Grand opening of Spring costumes.

F. Airy & Co

No trouble to show goods.  
Branch establishments all over the  
Invoices received every day.



BY ANNA C. MURPHY.

I.

A LINE of the latest spring novelties  
here,  
And never a pattern for you marked  
too dear.  
Our store's in the garden: just give  
us a call,  
Our telephone leads through the hole in the wall.



II.

Here's iris, both plain and brocade, in tints rare,  
And dahlia for petticoats gives a French air;  
Our capes of silk poppy—the latest thing out,  
And begonia parasols lead without doubt.



"OUR CAPES OF SILK POPPY."

III.

For brides we have satins of lily-white  
gleam;  
For bridesmaids, rose tissues of pink, red,  
or cream;  
For children we've bargains in marigold  
stuff,  
And crocus and tulip to stand treatment  
rough.

"AND DAHLIA  
FOR PETTICOATS  
GIVES A FRENCH  
AIR."



IV.

We 've hats in sweet-pea of  
the most stylish dent,  
And bonnets of pansies right  
modestly bent;  
In bluebells we 're closing out hoods  
low in price,  
And our slippers of orchids just go in a trice.



"HATS OF SWEET PEA, OF  
THE MOST STYLISH DENT."



V.

Each article 's packed  
with a scent, free  
of charge,

And customers served

with best goods small or large;

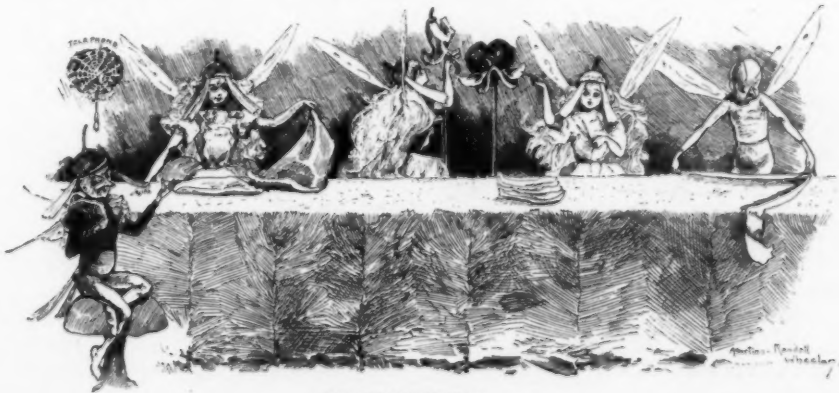
Right speedy delivery the firm guarantees,  
By swift, trusty messenger—next passing breeze.

VI.

It 's best to come early before the goods rise;  
You 'll find things more choice than we dare  
advertise.

Our charges are only some sweet words of  
praise—

And we 'll credit you, too, to the end of your  
days.



THE BARGAIN-COUNTER.

## CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

### CHAPTER VIII.

CHRIS was not in the least hurt by his fall; he was on his feet in a moment. Having regained possession of the valise, he started for home, filled with apprehension as to the fate of the wonderful lamp.

He knew he had placed it in the bag—there could be no mistake about that. Who had removed it? Huldah, perhaps; she had coveted it—indeed, she had claimed that it was her property. As this idea occurred to Chris, a cold perspiration started out on his brow, and he broke into a run, which he continued until he reached home.

He burst into the sitting-room, electrifying his mother by the excited demand:

"Where is it?"

"Oh, Chris, what has happened now?" cried Mrs. Wagstaff, dropping her sewing and springing to her feet. "Are you worse? Oh, I told the doctor that you ought not to be allowed to go alone! Did you miss the train? And see, Chris! the peach preserves are running out of the bag! You have broken one of the jars."

"I guess it got smashed when I jumped off the train," said Chris; "but—"

"When you jumped off the train!" exclaimed his mother, clasping her hands in distress. "Oh, Chris, *what* put it into your head to do that?"

"I left something behind," stammered the boy, conscious of the awkwardness and absurdity of his position,—*"something that I'm very particular about taking."*

"Why, what was it?"

"It was—that lamp that used to belong to Professor Huxter," acknowledged Chris.

"Why, Chris!" cried the astonished and distressed lady, "you did n't come back for *that*?"

"Yes, I did, mother. Do you know where it is? I'm sure I packed it last night."

"Why, yes, you did," was the reply; "but I took it out this morning when I put in the preserves; there was n't room for both."

"Where is it now?" asked the boy, breathlessly.

"I think I left it lying on your bed. But why *did* you want to take the old thing?"

"I *must* take it, mother, or stay at home myself. I—you see, I want to show it to Cousin Bob."

"What interest do you suppose your cousin will have in that ugly old lamp?" almost sobbed the agitated mother. "Oh, Chris, what has been the matter with you lately?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, mother," said Chris, so touched by her emotion that he was strongly tempted to confess the whole truth. "But wait a minute; I must go and see if the lamp is all right."

As he ran through the hall, he met Doctor Ingalls, who had entered in haste without the ceremony of knocking.

"What are you back for?" asked the old gentleman. "I saw you from my office window, and thought I'd come over and see what had happened to bring you back. Did you miss the train?"

"Mother will tell you all about it, sir," responded Chris, as he bounded up the stairs, three steps at a time, feverishly anxious to assure himself that the lamp had not been confiscated by the envious Huldah.

The delicious sensation of relief that he experienced when he saw it lying on his bed quite compensated for the mental suffering of the past few minutes. He snatched it up eagerly, fearful that it would disappear before his very eyes; he felt almost like caressing it.

Having carefully wrapped it in an old newspaper, he went down-stairs. As he neared the sitting-room door, he heard Doctor Ingalls say:

"Humor him, ma'am, by all means. It would

be extremely unwise to irritate him and make him more nervous."

"Let them think what they like," mused Chris, with a sigh of resignation. "They 'll change their tune before long."

And, feeling like a martyr, he entered the room, his treasure under his arm.

"I should n't have advised you to come back for your lamp, Chris, my lad," said the doctor, with a gaiety that was plainly put on. "You might have telegraphed, and your mother would have sent it on by express."

Chris mumbled something about being too anxious to bear the waiting.

"Well, you shall take it if you want to, dear," said Mrs. Wagstaff. "I 'd no idea you thought so much of it, or I should n't have taken it out of the bag."

"Well, Mrs. Wagstaff," said the doctor; "can we pack the young rascal's valise again, and send him off by the ten thirty?"

"I don't know that I can ever do anything with this bag," sighed Chris's mother, gazing ruefully at the valise, which now lay open upon the floor. "The jar of watermelon-rind and one of the jars of peaches are broken, and there are peaches all over that beautiful embroidered shirt-front that I was so anxious to have your Aunt Sabina see."

"Oh, I would n't fret about that," said the doctor, who was decidedly nervous; "and, besides, we must n't let Chris be worried about such trifles. See,"—as he removed the debris from the valise,— "the bag is scarcely injured at all. Huldah can repair what little damage is done, in no time; you can repack the bag, and Master Chris can be off at half-past ten, just as if nothing had happened."

"But don't you think you ought to go with him—you or somebody?" asked Mrs. Wagstaff, with an apprehensive glance at Chris.

"No, indeed?—by no means, ma'am," returned the old gentleman, with a suspiciously boisterous burst of merriment. "You don't want to be bothered by an old foggy like me, do you, Chris? Of course you don't. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I guess I shall be able to get along by myself, sir," replied Chris, demurely.

"Get along by yourself! Of course you will. A bright, healthy—I mean, happy—lad like

you does n't want an old foggy doctor trotting round after him, does he? Ha! ha!"

Had ever a boy been placed in such a ridiculously false position before? Chris asked himself. He was strongly inclined to summon the genie, and put an end to the mystery at once. But he restrained the impulse; and presently started once more for the station, this time in Doctor Ingalls's buggy.

"Have a first-rate time at your cousin's, Chris," said the good old doctor, in parting with the boy. "Get all the outdoor exercise you can—the more the better. Let 's see! the Dusenbury Base-ball Club is going to have a match with the Lincolnville Club to-morrow. Why, you 'll be just in time! The game is to be played in Lincolnville, and you 're one of the Dusenbury nine, if I 'm not mistaken."

"I was; I 'm not now," said Chris, reddening.

The fact is, he had been "frozen out" of the Dusenbury Club, a week before, for his phenomenally bad playing—it having been generally conceded that most of the club's defeats that season were due to his errors.

Doctor Ingalls saw that by this last remark he had blundered, and was glad of an excuse to take his leave.

"Here comes the train," he said, "and 'Nancy,' old as she is, gets frisky when she sees the cars, so I 'll have to be off. Good-by!"

This time Chris's journey was accomplished without interruption. At just eleven o'clock he stepped out upon the platform at Lincolnville, where he found his cousin awaiting him.

"I did n't expect to see you here, Bob," Chris said, as he shook hands with the blue-eyed, freckle-faced little lad who advanced to meet him. "It 's lucky you happened to be here. Going to the mill?"

"Why, no," replied Bob, "I came on purpose to meet you. We got both the telegrams."

"What telegrams?" asked Chris.

"Why, your mother's. The first one said you 'd be here at eight-forty; and I was here to meet you, but you did n't come. 'Most as soon as I got home, the other one came. I 've got *that* in my pocket."

"Let me see it, will you, Bob?"

"Here 't is." And Bob produced it. "It says: 'Chris detained will take ten thirty be



careful of him will write.' Those telegraph fellows don't pay much attention to punctuation, do they, Chris? Well, how are you feeling? Do you think you can walk as far as the Baptist church? I had to hitch 'Firefly' there, 'cause he can't stand the cars. You might lean on my arm."

"What do I want to lean on your arm for?" said Chris, snappishly. "I can walk alone. What did you bring the horse for, anyway?"

"Why, mother thought you 'd have to ride," replied Bob, with wide-open eyes. "The first telegram said you were awful sick. But you look well enough."

"I *am* well," said Chris.

"Your folks think you 're sick, though."

"Yes, they do," admitted Chris, with a smile in which there was much more of vexation than mirth.

Again was the luckless youth fated to be misunderstood. Bob's countenance was expanded by a grin as he said:

"Well, Chris, I calc'late I see through the millstone *now*. So that 's your latest scheme for getting out of going to school? If I hated the Academy as much as you do, I 'd get my father to send me to boarding-school. Why, you could —"

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Chris, impatiently. "Come along."

And he started for the Baptist church at so rapid a pace that little Bob had to trot very energetically to keep up with him.

So his coming had been heralded by telegrams — smuggled out of the house, of course, by Huldah — and they would be followed by a letter detailing all the symptoms of his imagined illness! It seemed certain that his position during his enforced visit to Lincolnville would be quite as ridiculous as that he had occupied at home during the past few days.

"You ain't mad at me, are you, Chris?" asked Bob, timidly, as his companion began unhitching Firefly, a dark frown on his brow.

Bob Green cherished the sincerest affection and admiration for his cousin Chris; he firmly believed that Chris was one of the most remarkable boys the country had produced, and was never tired of extolling his talents and acquirements to whoever would listen. A word or a

smile of approval from his cousin meant more to Bob than Chris ever guessed.

This constant tacit acknowledgment of an inferiority that really did not exist was gratifying to Chris, as such concessions, whether deserved or not, are to most of us; and he usually adopted a rather patronizing air toward his cousin, quite willing to believe that Bob's estimate of him was a correct one.

"Of course I 'm not mad," he said, with a laugh. "What a funny fellow you are, Bob! You always think a fellow 's down on you if he only looks crooked at you."

"I thought maybe you did n't like what I said about your not wanting to go to school," ventured Bob.

"Oh, that 's all right. Jump in, Bob. I 'll drive. G' long, Firefly! Now, then, Bobby, what 's the news?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied Bob. "We had the sewing-circle at our house last night, and I ate so much cake that I have n't felt first-rate since. Guess that 's about all the news there is, except" — and the boy's countenance fell — "that Ned Collins is sick."

"Who is Ned Collins?" asked Chris, without much interest.

"Don't you remember him? — big, tall fellow with red hair. He 's the pitcher in our base-ball club, and the match with the Dusenbury nine has got to be called off because he 's sick."

"Can't you get anybody else to pitch?" asked Chris.

"No; there 's not a fellow in town that can take Ned's place. He 's a daisy pitcher, I tell you; and there 's nothing for it but to put off the game till he gets well."

"See here!" exclaimed Chris, in sudden excitement, "maybe there *is* something for it. Have the Dusenbury fellows been notified?"

"Not yet; we're going to send 'em word this afternoon."

"Then why can't I take Collins's place?"

"You?" gasped Bob, turning a little pale at the idea.

"Why, yes."

"Well," Bob stammered, "I don't know what the fellows will say. You see, you — that is, I — I mean we heard that —"

"Oh, I know what you heard," interrupted



Chris, hotly. "You heard that I was a 'hoodoo.'"

"Well, I—I mean we—"

"Yes, that's what you heard. You've been told that the Dusenbury Club could n't win a game as long as I was a member of it, and that they got rid of me on that account. That's what they say, is n't it?"

"Yes, it is," Bob blurted out desperately.

"I thought so," said Chris. "Well, now, you listen to me, old

bury fellows would n't let me pitch, Bob; I might as well tell you the whole truth. All I could do with them was to play right-field, and I was n't even good enough for that, after a few games. I had hard luck, Bob, that's all there is to it; but I know what is in me, and—you mark my words—if I pitch to-morrow you won't be sorry you got me the chance."

"I know I sha'n't, Chris," cried Bob; "and I'm going to do it."



fellow. Put me in as pitcher to-morrow, and I'll win the game for you as sure as you're born."

"Do you mean it?" stammered Bob, his eyes as big and round as saucers.

"Don't I generally mean what I say?" demanded Chris rather haughtily.

"Y-yes, I think you do."

"You *know* I do. I want to get even with those Dusenbury fellows, and I can do it by pitching for your club to-morrow."

"I believe you can, Chris," exclaimed Bob, persuaded by Chris's confidence.

"Of course I can. I know what I am talking about, Bob. Just get me appointed pitcher, and—well, you'll see something surprising."

"I'll do all I can, Chris," said Bob, his face flushed with enthusiasm; "and I guess I can manage it."

"I know you can manage it. Those Dusen-

"SO YOU'RE JOHN WAGSTAFF'S BOY, ARE YOU?" SAID MRS. STORMS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The fellows *must* agree, that's all there is about it."

They had now reached their destination. Mrs. Green stood in the doorway awaiting them.

Chris's Aunt Sabina, his mother's sister, was a tall, thin, severe lady, with a high-pitched voice, an acid smile, and a deeply rooted dislike and distrust of boys—which three accomplishments she had acquired during a twenty-years' experience as district "schoolma'am."

"You don't *look* sick, Christopher," she said, giving him a chilly hand. "Is it your liver? Your father's folks always were an unhealthy lot."

Chris replied that he did n't think there was much the matter with him, and ran up-stairs with Bob, who was eager to show Chris his new fishing-tackle.

"Oh, I forgot," said Chris, when the tackle

had been inspected and admired. "I've got some things for your mother; we'd better take them down to her." And he opened the bag and took out two jars of peaches; the third jar that Mrs. Wagstaff had desired to send had been left out to make room for the lamp.

"Who's that for?" asked Bob, picking up the lamp.

"It is n't for anybody," returned Chris; "it's mine. Be careful not to rub it," he added nervously.

"Guess I sha'n't hurt it," said Bob. "Most of the plating is worn off, anyway."

"Give it to me." And Chris snatched it rather rudely from his cousin's hands.

"I'm sure I don't want it," sniffed Bob, a little offended. "What did you bring a thing like that with you for?"

"It's valuable," said Chris. "It's awful old, and—and I should n't wonder if it was worth a good deal."

"I don't believe a junkman would give you two cents for it," replied Bob, coolly. "Where did you get it?"

Chris explained, then locked the lamp carefully in the valise, saying mysteriously:

"You're likely to see more of it in the future. That's no common lamp, Bob."

"It's uncommonly ugly," said little Bob. "I guess it won't worry me any if I never see it again. Well, shall we go down-stairs?"

Chris assented, and the two boys descended to the lower floor, each carefully carrying a jar of peaches.

Mrs. Green received the offering with an air of dignity and condescension befitting her rank of ex-schoolma'am, merely remarking:

"Your mother always was great on putting up preserves. I'm not saying it to blame her, you understand. We can't all be alike, and it's a wise dispensation of Providence that we can't."

After this characteristic speech,—to which Chris, with a remorseful glance at the peaches, gurgled an inaudible response,—Mrs. Green turned jerkily to a severe-looking old lady in a stiff black silk dress and mitts, who sat near the window glaring at Chris, and said:

"Aunt, this is Christopher Wagstaff. Christopher, this is Mrs. Storms, Mr. Green's aunt, who is spending a few days with us. She occu-

pies the spare room, so you and Robert will have to sleep together."

"So you're John Wagstaff's boy, be yeou?" said Mrs. Storms, surveying Chris as if indignant at his presumption in daring to exist. "Yeou don't look the least mite like him. I remember yeour father years afore he ever thought o' marryin' yeour mother. He was a fine-lookin' man. Dew yeou go tew school?"

Chris meekly replied in the affirmative.

"What dew yeou study?"

These were the first of the regular series of questions—most school-boys know them by heart—which Chris had been obliged for years to answer whenever his mother had a caller. He knew what was coming, and with a stifled sigh resigned himself to go through the list.

When Mrs. Storms's curiosity had been satisfied, and she had given her victim some good advice,—offered with a dismal air of being morally certain that he would never follow it,—she dismissed him, and the two boys bolted out.

"She's an odd one, is n't she?" said Bob, with a grimace. "She does n't like me. She said yesterday she was glad I was n't her boy, and I told her that I was glad, too. That made her mad, and she complained to father; but he only laughed, and that made her madder yet. What makes some old women so ugly, do you s'pose, Chris?—and others so nice? But never mind about her; let's go down to the school. We'll be just in time to see the fellows when they come out, and maybe we can settle the pitcher business right off."

They met the Lincolnville Club boys just outside the High School grounds. The proposition to install Chris as pitcher was received with very little favor, for several members of the club were familiar with his record; but Bob's eloquence, and Chris's earnest assurance that he would certainly win the game for them if they would appoint him, made an impression, and a meeting of the members was appointed for four o'clock. At that gathering Chris's absolute confidence in his powers convinced the boys, against their better judgment, that it would be safe to give him the position he desired, and by a unanimous vote it was decided to do so.

When Bob delightedly announced this triumph at the supper-table, Mrs. Storms stated that base-ball had been unknown when she was a girl, and that she had never heard of its leading to any good; at which Mrs. Green sighed, and Mr. Green, a timid, nervous little man, who had been about to say something cheerful, coughed abjectly and remarked that a good deal could be said on that point.

All this did not depress the two boys, however. They had as jolly an evening as was possible under the same roof with the uncompromising Mrs. Storms, and went to bed early.

For more than an hour they conversed in whispers about the coming game. Bob's last words before falling asleep were:

"I like Ned Collins first-rate, but I'm kind of glad he's sick. You'll win the game, Chris; you'll win—you'll—"

Then a long sigh announced that the tired boy had yielded to the kindly conqueror, Sleep.

It was not long before Chris, too, was snoring in as undignified and commonplace a manner as if he had not been owner of the wonderful

lamp, and master of all the treasures of the world.

Just how long he remained unconscious he never knew, but he was presently awakened by a loud noise, and opening his eyes he saw Bob sitting up in bed staring at a horrible-looking creature resembling a dragon, that stood near the window.

"Well, what are your commands?" said the apparition in a voice that made the window-sashes rattle.

Chris instantly comprehended the situation. He had placed the lamp under his pillow before going to bed. Either he or Bob had unconsciously rubbed the lamp in his sleep, and the genie had responded, this time appearing in a new and certainly an awe-inspiring shape.

"I'm not speaking to *you*," added the genie, turning his fiery eyes on Chris. "This young man is my master, now."

*(To be continued.)*



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN the first ten years of the nineteenth century, there were born in New England five of the foremost authors of America. Emerson and Hawthorne were four and three years older than Longfellow. Whittier and Holmes were respectively ten months and two years younger. As they grew up and began to write, and got to know one another, these authors became friends; and their friendship lasted with their lives. One after another they all gained fame; and although not the greatest of the five, perhaps, Longfellow was always the most popular. Not merely in the United States and Great Britain, but in Canada and Australia and India, and wherever the English language is spoken, there were readers in plenty for the gentle, the manly, the beautiful verses of Longfellow.

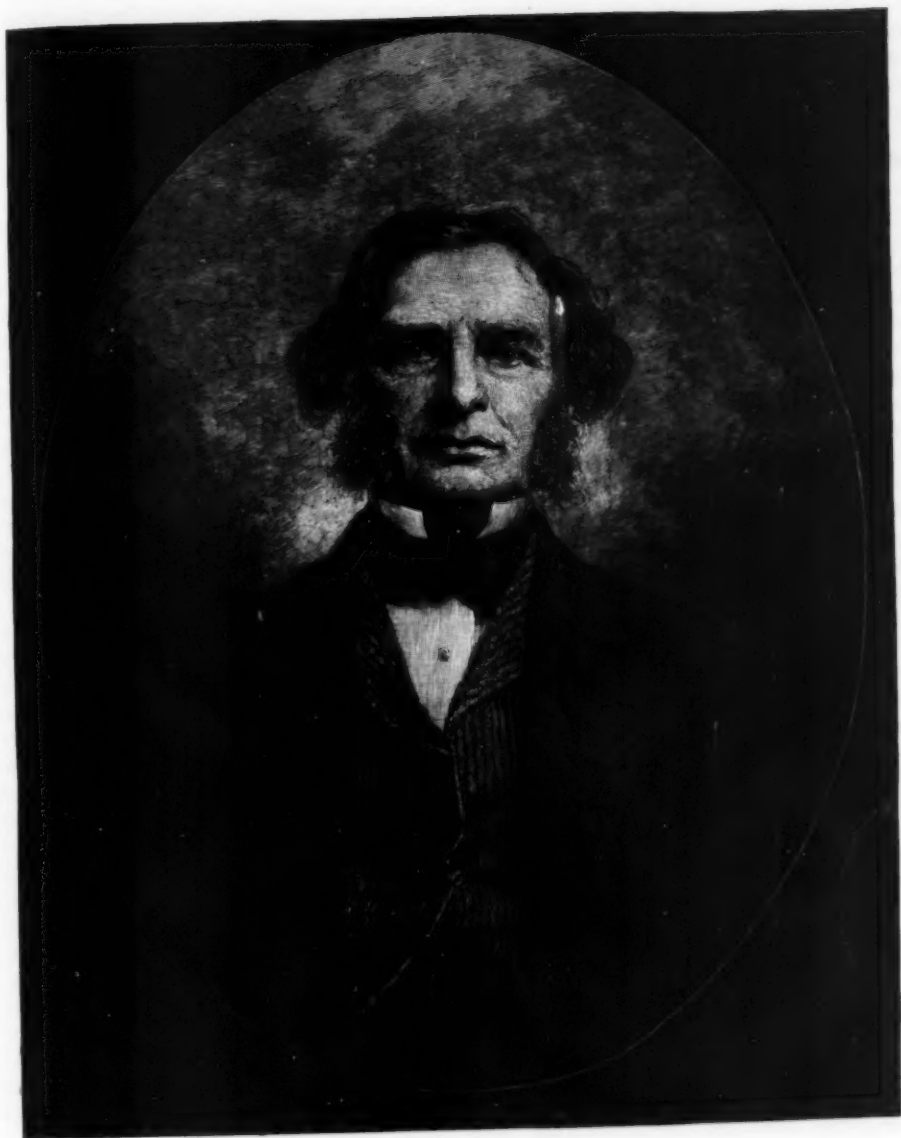
His mother's father had been a general in the Revolutionary army. His mother's brother (after whom he was named) had been an officer in the American navy, losing his life in Preble's attack on Tripoli. His father, once a member of Congress, was one of the leading lawyers of Portland. And it was in that pleasant Maine city that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born, on February 27, 1807. There he passed his childhood. There he got that liking for the sea and for ships and for sailors which was to give a salt-water savor to so many of his ballads. There, as he grew to boyhood, he browsed amid the books of his father's ample library, feeling his love for literature steadily growing.

He was a school-boy of twelve when the first numbers of Irving's "Sketch-Book" appeared, and he read it "with ever-increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie." A few months before the "Sketch-Book" began, Bryant had published his "Thanatopsis," and others of his earlier poems followed

soon; so the school-boy in Portland came under the influence of Bryant's poetry almost at the same time he felt the charm of Irving's prose. When he was only thirteen the young Longfellow began to write verses of his own, some of which were printed in the newspapers. He was only fourteen when he passed the entrance examinations of Bowdoin College, where he was to have Hawthorne as a classmate.

Long before his college course was over he had made up his mind to become a man of letters. In his last year at Bowdoin, being then eighteen, he wrote to his father: "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it." But here in America, in 1825, no man could hope to support himself by prose and verse. Fortunately just then a professorship of modern languages was founded in Bowdoin, and the position was offered to Longfellow, with permission to spend several years in Europe fitting himself for his duties. He accepted eagerly; and his sojourn in France and Spain, in Italy and Germany, made him master of the four great European languages with their marvelous literatures. He studied hard and wrote little while he was away. At last, in 1829, being then twenty-two, he returned to his native land and settled down to teach his fellow-countrymen what he had learned abroad.

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Potter. In addition to his work in the college, he found time to write critical articles on foreign literature. He seems to have had but few poetic impulses at this period; and his thoughts expressed themselves more naturally in prose. The influence of Irving is visible in a series of rambling travel-sketches, finally revised for publication as a book in 1833, under the title "Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." It has not a little of the charm of the "Sketch-Book," with a



Henry W. Longfellow

deeper poetic grace of its own and a more romantic touch. The year after this first venture into literature, Longfellow was called to the professorship of modern languages at Harvard College. Again he went to Europe for further study, being absent for a year and a half; but his journey was saddened by the death of his wife.

Toward the end of 1836 he took up his abode in Cambridge, where he was to reside for the rest of his life—for forty-five years. He was made to feel at home in the society of the scholars who clustered about Harvard, then almost the sole center of culture in the country. His work for the college was not so exacting that he had not time for literature. The impulse to write poetry returned; yet the next book he published was the prose "Hyperion," which appeared in 1839, and which, though it has little plot or action, may be called a romance. The youthful and poetic hero, a passionate pilgrim in Europe, was, more or less, a reflection of Longfellow himself. A few months later, in the same year, he published his first volume of poetry—"Voices of the Night," in which he reprinted certain of his earlier verses, most of them written while he was at Bowdoin. Some of these boyish verses show the influence of Bryant, and others reveal to us that the young poet had not yet looked at life for himself, but still saw it through the stained-glass windows of European tradition. The same volume contained also some more recent poems: "The Beleaguered City," and "The Reaper and the Flowers," and the "Psalm of Life"—perhaps the first of his poems to win a swift and abiding popularity. These lyrics testified that Longfellow was beginning to have a style of his own. As Hawthorne wrote to him, "Nothing equal to them was ever written in this world—this western world, I mean."

Certainly no American author had yet written any poem of the kind so good as the best of those in Longfellow's volume of "Ballads," printed two years later. Better than any other American poet Longfellow had mastered the difficulties of the story in song; and he knew how to combine the swiftness and the picturesqueness the ballad requires. His ballads have more of the oldtime magic, more of the

early simplicity, than those of any other modern English author. Of its kind, there is nothing better in the language than "The Skeleton in Armor," with its splendid lyric swing; and "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the 'Hesperus'" are almost as good in their humbler sphere. "Excelsior," in the same volume, voices the noble aspirations of youth, and has been taken to heart by thousands of boys and girls.

He went to Europe again in 1842 for his health; and on the voyage home he wrote eight "Poems on Slavery," which he published soon after he landed. The next year he married Miss Frances Appleton. About the same time he published "The Spanish Student," a play not intended for the theater, and lacking the dramatic action the stage demands. Neither the "Poems on Slavery" nor "The Spanish Student" showed him at his best; but three years after the latter he published "The Belfry of Bruges," in which were to be found more than one of his finest poems, among them "The Old Clock on the Stair" and "The Arsenal at Springfield."

Longfellow had not been intimate at college with his classmate Hawthorne, but he wrote a cordial review of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," and it was from Hawthorne that he heard the pathetic legend of the two Acadian lovers parted on their marriage morn, when the people of the French province were shipped away by the British authorities. "If you do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," he said; and Hawthorne willingly gave it up. This was the germ of "Evangeline," which Longfellow published in 1847, and which was accepted at once as his masterpiece. It was the most beautiful and the most touching tale in verse yet told by any American poet; and its charm was increased greatly by the skill with which the natural scenery of America, and our varying seasons, were used to furnish a background before which the simple figures of the story moved with fidelity to life. Even the strange native names were invested with magic.

In 1849 Longfellow published his last prose book, "Kavanagh," a dreamy tale which Hawthorne hailed as a true picture of life—"as true



as those reflections of the trees and banks that I used to see in the Concord; but refined to a higher degree than they, as if the reflection were itself reflected." The next year he gathered into a volume called "The Seaside and the Fireside" a score of short poems, including "The Fire of Driftwood" and "The Building of the Ship." With the sea as a subject, Longfellow had always a double share of inspiration, for he had retained in manhood his boyish love for the deep, and his sympathetic understanding of its mysteries.

As his poetic powers ripened and won prompt recognition, the daily labor of the classroom became more irksome to him, and at last, in 1854, he resigned his professorship. But he continued to reside in Cambridge, dwelling in the Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters. Longfellow's father-in-law had bought the house for him, and it is now known as the Longfellow House. The cultivated society of the little town was very congenial, and he had many friends near in Boston and in Concord.

Like all true artists, he was greatly interested in his craft, and was fond of verse-making experiments. He had a delicate ear, and he felt the fitness of certain measures for certain themes. For "Evangeline" he chose a form of verse suggested by the verse of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid"; and how well this suited his subject can be seen by reading this description of the song of the mocking-bird:

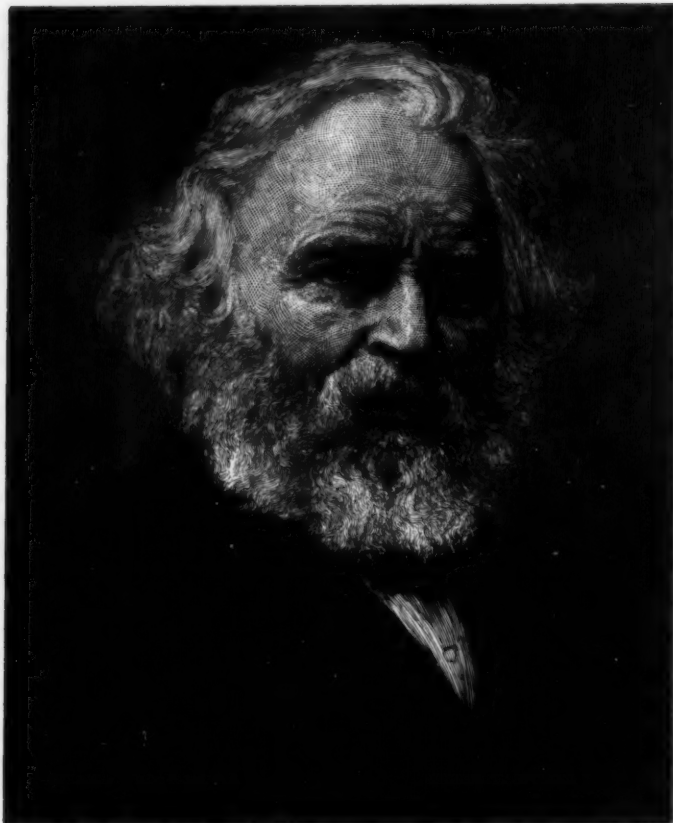
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the  
water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring  
to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied  
Bacchantes.  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful low  
lamentation;  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad  
in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on  
the branches.

Now compare the same description as Longfellow himself rewrote it in the customary rhymed couplets:

Upon a spray that overhung the stream,  
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,  
Poured such delirious music from his throat  
That all the air seemed listening to his note.  
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;  
It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;  
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung  
The multitudinous music from his tongue,—  
As, after showers, a sudden gust again  
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

In his next long poem Longfellow attempted another new meter, borrowed from a Finnish poet. He was always interested in the American Indian, and one of his earliest poems was "The Burial of the Minnesink," as one of his latest was "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-face." He now decided that the mythical legends of the red men could be woven into a poem of which an Indian should be the central figure. The simple rhythm was exactly suited to the simple story. "Hiawatha" was published in 1853, and its instant success surpassed that of "Evangeline," which was its only rival among the longer poems of American authors upon a peculiarly American subject. The easy verses sang themselves into the memory of all who read the poem; and the descriptions of nature delighted all who had kept their eyes open as they walked through our American woods and fields.

Encouraged by the hearty welcome given to these two American poems, Longfellow, in 1858, published a third, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." In this he told no pathetic tale of parted lovers, nor did he draw on the quaint lore of the red men; he took his story from the annals of his own ancestors, the sturdy founders of New England. As it happened, he himself (like his fellow-poet, Bryant) was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, whose wooing he narrated. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is only less popular than its predecessors, "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha"; all three have been taken to heart by the American people; all were composed during the brightest years of the poet's life, when his family were growing up about him, when he was in the full possession of his powers, and had already achieved fame.



LONGFELLOW IN LATER LIFE.

Suddenly an awful calamity befel him in the death of his wife by accident. One sad day in July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow's light dress caught fire from a match fallen on the floor. The poet rushed to her aid; but despite all his efforts, her injuries were fatal. She died the next morning. Longfellow himself was so severely burned that he was unable to be present at her funeral.

When his wounds healed he was still broken in spirit. To give himself occupation, and to help him bear his sorrow, he translated into English the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. He found the labor restful and consoling; and in time he completed his translation, which was published in 1867. But while laboring on this long task he had not given up original composition. In 1863 he had sent forth a volume

of poems containing the ringing lines on the sinking of the "Cumberland"; and in 1867 another collection in which was included his touching poem on the burial of Hawthorne.

During these years also Longfellow was engaged on a work exactly suited to his powers. As a poet he was not primarily a thinker, like Emerson, nor was he chiefly a musician in verse, like Poe; he was above all a ballad-singer, a teller of stories fit to be said or sung. Certain of his friends were in the habit of spending the summer at the old tavern of Sudbury, and this suggested to the poet the framework of a book. He has represented a group of guests gathered about the fire, and beguiling the time with story-telling. The first part of these "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was published in 1863, and two other parts followed in 1872

and 1873. Among the tales are some of Longfellow's best ballads,—such as "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," and "Scanderbeg."

In the spring of 1868 Longfellow went with his daughters to Europe, and received everywhere an admiring welcome. In England both Oxford and Cambridge conferred honorary degrees on him; and the Queen invited him to dine with her at Windsor Castle. He spent the winter in Rome, and came home in 1869.

After his return Longfellow took up and finished his longest work—"Christus, a Mystery," in which he finally combined the "Divine Tragedy," the "Golden Legend," and the "New England Tragedies." His liking for the dramatic form grew in his later years; and the "Masque of Pandora," which he published in 1875, was actually set to music and sung on the stage, but with little success. Afterward he wrote another tragedy—"Judas Maccabæus"; and after his death yet another, "Michael Angelo," was found almost finished in his desk. There are fine passages in all these poems in dialogue; but none of his attempts at play-making were received with the popular approval which greeted his songs and his sonnets.

Two of the longer of his later poems—the "Hanging of the Crane" (1874) and "Keramos" (1878)—showed that his hand had not lost its cunning as the poet grew older; and nothing he had written exceeded in sonorous rhythm and in lofty sentiment the poem which he read in 1875 at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin, and which he called "Morituri Salutamus" ("We who are about to die salute you"). His poetic gift continued to ripen and to bear mellow fruit to the end of his life; and among the lyrics in his final volumes—"Ultima Thule," published in 1880, and "In the Harbor," printed after his death in 1882—were poems as tender and as delicate in their strength as any he had written in his youth: "The Chamber over the Gate," for example, and the very last verses he ever wrote—"The Bells of San Blas."

It was on March 15, 1882, when Longfellow

had just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, that he penned the final lines of this final poem:

Out of the shadows of the night  
The world rolls into light.  
It is daybreak everywhere.

The eighteenth was a Saturday; and in the afternoon there came four school-boys from Boston, who had asked permission to visit him. He showed them the view of the Charles from the window of his study, and with his customary kindness he wrote his autograph in their albums. That night he was seized with pain; but would not disturb the household until the morning. He lingered a week, and died on Friday, March 24, 1882. He was buried the next Sunday in Mount Auburn Cemetery, "under the gently falling snow."

Longfellow is the most popular poet yet born in America; and if we can measure popular approval by the wide-spread sale of his successive volumes, he was probably the most popular poet of the English language in this century. Part of his popularity is due to his healthy mind, his calm spirit, his vigorous sympathy. His thought, though often deep, was never obscure. His lyrics had always a grace that took the ear with delight. They have a singing simplicity, caught, it may be, from the German lyrists, such as Uhland or Heine. This simplicity was the result of rare artistic repression; it was not due to any poverty of intellect. Like Victor Hugo in France, Longfellow in America was the poet of childhood. And as he understood the children, so he also sympathized with the poor, the toiling, the lowly—not looking down on them, but glorifying their labor, and declaring the necessity of it and the nobility of work. He could make the barest life seem radiant with beauty. He had acquired the culture of all lands, but he understood also the message of his own country. He thought that the best that Europe could bring was none too good for the plain people of America. He was a true American, not only in his stalwart patriotism in the hour of trial, but in his loving acceptance of the doctrine of human equality, and in his belief and trust in his fellow-man.

## THE TEE-HEE GIRL.

I KNOW a little maiden, but really, on my word,  
You would sooner think this person was a Tee-  
hee bird.

For no matter what you say,  
If it's sad or if it's gay,  
This silly maiden answers you with "Tee-  
he-he,"  
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

She's quite a pretty little girl, with bright and  
smiling eyes,  
And, in some things, I understand that she is  
very wise.

But though she knows her letters,  
No matter what her betters  
Or her elders may remark to her, this little  
maiden, she  
Is sure to end her answer with a "Tee-he-he,"  
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

If you tell her that your pocket is just stuffed  
all full of toys,  
If you tell her you've a headache and she  
must not make a noise,  
If you tell her she's your pride,  
Or if you scold and chide,

It really is the same to her so far as I can see,  
For her answer is a giggle with a "Tee-he-he."  
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

I have heard this little maiden say that she  
was very tired;  
I have heard her ask for lots of things she  
very much desired;  
But to everything she uttered,  
Or mumbled forth or muttered,  
She tacked that senseless giggle that is quite  
devoid of glee —  
That foolish little habit of a "Tee-he-he,"  
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he!"

I sometimes feel quite worried lest an elf of  
whom I've heard  
Should come along and change this girl into  
a Tee-hee bird;  
When, in all sorts of weather,  
With each curl turned to a feather,  
She'd have to sit the livelong day alone upon  
a tree,  
Just calling out to folks below her, "Tee-he-he!"  
Her "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

*(Begun in the November number.)*

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

THE Emperor had been "fooled." For even while detectives and policemen were searching the old Tower of St. Jacques, Philip the page, who had never been near it at all, was walking calmly toward the Street of the Fight, with the recovered hat-buckle safe in his pocket, and in his mind an ardent desire somehow to repay Pierre.

He had haunted the crooked streets of the

dirty quarter in which he had come so signally to grief, hoping to gain some clue that would put him on the track of the marauders. When a boy's pride is hurt he will not rest until he can regain his self-esteem, and Philip felt that his duty lay in bringing the guilty ones to justice. If he could do this without the help of Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper, it would prove that boys could be just as wide awake in the Tuileries as among the strange things that went on at La Force.

So, no longer in his imperial livery of crimson and gold, but in the every-day dress of a Paris

boy, Philip was seeking to put to good use his old education of the street, when suddenly, in the narrow and dirty Street of Jean Lantier, near to the unsavory Court of the Miracles, he ran plump against Pierre.

The amateur detectives looked keenly at each other. Then the boy from La Force said to the boy from the Tuileries: "What, it is you, young Desnouettes? And doing what?"

"Hunting those fellows down, my Pierre," Philip replied. "I don't like to let things go unsettled."

"And could you not trust to me, Monsieur the Page? You gain nothing by pushing things."

"I can gain my lost standing at the palace," Philip responded.

"But leave it to me, my boy," said Pierre. "Such a hunt is more in my line than in yours. And we are both ahead of time, we two; but I have your sparklers."

"Good boy, Pierre!" cried jubilant Philip; and added, with boyish assurance, "the Emperor will repay you. Give me the buckle."

"But not in the street, stupid! Would you lose it again?" the young detective whispered. "Come you with me—say, to Citizen Popon's. You remember the place?"

Remember it? Did he not, then? It was the dark wine-cellar in which Philip had overheard the plot against the Emperor, and from which he reckoned the days of his good fortune.

So it came to pass that in the dingy wine-cellar of Citizen Popon, rather than at the old Tower of St. Jacques, the page recovered his lost treasure, and said again and again: "My faith! but you are a clever one—you Pierre. However can I repay you?"

"Wait until I ask you for payment, my Philip," was Pierre's reply; and then and there this successful young amateur detective flatly refused any compensation for tracking the lost gift of an Empress. In so doing lay his shrewdness; for Pierre, though a good fellow, was always looking out for Number One. "Philip is a page of the palace, a favorite of the Emperor, and bound to rise," he reasoned. "If he owes me return for a favor he will always bear me in mind, and I may gain a new step by not taking from him now. It is better to be generous than greedy, and in the end it pays better."

Thus sharply he reasoned; but he simply said, "It's for old friendship's sake, my boy." And so, after a long talk the boys separated. Pierre went back to his post at the prison of La Force; Philip, hugging close his rescued treasure, sought, not the imperial palace, but the house in the quiet Street of the Fight. There Mademoiselle met him.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried. "And it is you? Tell me quickly! What happened? How did they save you?"

"What happened?" Philip queried. "'Save' me? Where?"

"Why, at the Tower of St. Jacques," Mademoiselle replied impatiently. "I found it all out. What happened?"

"But I do not understand you, Mademoiselle," said puzzled Philip. "I have not been to the Tower of St. Jacques."

"No?" Mademoiselle cried excitedly. "And you were not set upon by brigands?"

"Why, no," said the boy. "You see, I met Pierre in the Street of Jean Lantier, before I had reached the tower. And, see, here is the buckle. I have it safe once more."

"But, mercy! what must the Emperor think?" Mademoiselle almost wailed, scarce noticing the brilliants that had made all the bother, "He will say I misled him. Dear me, dear me! Now it is I that am in the wrong, and who will right me?"

Much perplexed, Philip asked for an explanation, and Mademoiselle told her story, and how she had petitioned the Emperor.

"But you saved my life, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the grateful Philip, "even if the danger did not come to me. For, had I not met Pierre before the time appointed, I should have been at the Tower at sunset. Mademoiselle, I thank you"; and, true to the courtliness which had become a part of his daily training, Philip bent over the girl's hand, and kissed it in knightly fashion.

"It is not for me to remain here," he said. "I must hasten to the palace and explain it all. Trust me, Mademoiselle; I will set you right with the Emperor."

Then Citizen Daunou, who had entered the room while Mademoiselle was telling her story, said: "I may be an owl, Mademoiselle, though



why the Emperor should say so passes my knowledge. But this explains certain things. Uncle Fauriel and I lingered late over our researches in the tower; and—would you believe it?—Uncle Fauriel was very nearly arrested by two officials from the Ministry of Police. Uncle Fauriel is so rabid a republican, you know, that he is ever under suspicion; and but for my being recognized by the sergeant of police who came from the market with his men, we should, I think, have been compelled to accompany the detectives as suspicious persons. My faith, though! Is not that the rarest joke? Uncle Fauriel and I were, I now see, very nearly under arrest as the intending assassins of my friend Monsieur the Page, under the special protection of the Emperor. Away, Sir Page! It is not safe for you to linger here. Behold your assassin!"

And Citizen Daunou laughed so heartily that even Mademoiselle's perplexed face broke into smiles, and Philip appreciated the joke quite as fully. But, all the same, it did not free him from a little trepidation as, on his way back to the palace, he thought over the affairs of the day, and prepared himself for a scene with the Emperor.

The "scene," however, was but a mild one. Napoleon had far more important things on his mind than the trials of pages and the woes of over-zealous maidens. Philip, too, had the advantage of being first on the ground. He had made his explanations before the report came from the police; and the Emperor, being

spared the confusion that this report might otherwise have created, held the key to the situation, and, happily, looked on it all as a good joke.

"But you were never cut out for a detective, young Desnouettes," he said. "Leave that to others, and do, rather, the duties that are nearest you. As for the girl, she is a bright little creature and a wise one. She meant well. It was only you that blundered into safety



PHILIP'S GRATITUDE.

without knowing, and so spoiled her excellent little drama. That boy Pierre seems to have been the cleverest one of the lot. I must—see here, you boy; do you know anything of your father?"

Startled at this sudden change of subject,

Philip looked surprised, but said, "Nothing more than you do, Sire. I have told you all I know of him."

"Nor of your family?"

"Nothing, Sire."

"So! Well—let me see—that boy Pierre, some day I may find use for his cleverness."

And Philip was dismissed, relieved but puzzled.

But so many other things were afoot in that busy summer of 1811 that a boy's concerns were speedily forgotten, and even the boy himself was so full of crowding duties as to have little time for queries and conjectures.

The month of June was one round of festivity, ceremonial, and display. It was the baptismal month of the baby King of Rome.

Napoleon the Emperor was at the height of his power. Kings were his vassals, and conquered nations were his domains. All of Europe, save only Russia and the British Isles, was subject or ally to France. The little man in the green uniform was the foremost man of all the world.

He had won his eminence by the force of his genius, the strength of his will, the brilliancy of his successes, and by hard work. For in all his vast domain there was no more tireless worker than the Emperor Napoleon the First.

No one appreciated this more than Philip the page. Many a time, far into the night, had he waited the imperial commands, or run upon the imperial errands, until tired legs refused to do their duty, and the curly head dropped, dead with sleep, upon the wearied arm.

The month of June in the year 1811 seemed the crowning point of all the magnificence of the First Empire. It was a month of display—one continued fête—in honor of the little King's baptism.

Philip had been one of the retinue that had escorted the imperial family from St. Cloud to the Tuileries on the afternoon of the sixth of June. With the other pages he had hung upon the backboard of the imperial coach, as on the next day—Sunday, the seventh of June—it was driven through a living lane of glittering helmets and nodding plumes, where a double row of the troops of the line and of the Imperial Guard stretched from the palace of the Tui-

leries to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Under the garlanded portal and into the brilliantly lighted church he had passed as one of the glittering procession. And there, in sight of a throng of princes and peers, of great officials of the crown, of cardinals and bishops and archbishops, of the senate, the court, and the mayors of the great cities of the Empire, regal in a coat of silver tissue embroidered with ermine, and with its train upheld by a marshal of the Empire; with his mother, the Empress, walking in imperial state under one gorgeous canopy, and his famous father, the Emperor, under another gorgeous canopy; with a princess bearing his baptismal candle, a princess holding his chrism-cloth, a countess carrying his salt-cellar, and all about him princes and dukes, chamberlains and marshals, grand "eagles," grand equerries, grand masters, and grand—lots of other things! With ushers and heralds and orderlies and pages; supported by his nurses and governesses; with an emperor for a godfather and a queen for a godmother,—this one little baby, Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, King of Rome and heir to France, was presented for baptism at the high altar of the grand old church which had been the scene of so many great and marvelous and curious ceremonies, but never of one more magnificent than this.

So the baby was baptized. Then, in sight of the whole assembly, while the organ pealed out the *Jubilate*, and the First Herald at Arms, standing in the choir, cried out, "Long live the King of Rome!" the baby's proud father held his son aloft where all might see His Little Magnificence. Then all the crowded church, all the packed square without, and all the listening city raised a mighty shout: "Long live the King of Rome! Long live the Emperor!"

Do you imagine that Philip would have missed that? Not for the world! His voice was hoarse from shouting; his face was flushed with enthusiasm. He was proud of his position, proud that he was alive, that he was a Frenchman, that he was a boy of Paris, that he was a page of the Emperor!

Nor would he willingly have missed the great entertainment at the City Hall, where,

after the baptismal ceremony, the Emperor dined in public, with his crown upon his head, the Empress by his side, kings and queens on his right and left, for all the world like that great Emperor of old — Charlemagne — whose state he patterned after, and whose title he assumed. For, you see, the Emperor Napoleon was always dramatic, always startling, always effective, in whatever he undertook. Whether he kidnapped a king, or stole a pope, or "absorbed" a kingdom, or won a battle, or gave a ball, he did it so splendidly that even his enemies marveled, and all the world wondered at the audacity of this little man who had carved his way from nothing to a throne, and had filled the world with his name.

To this baptismal ceremony and banquet succeeded days and days of magnificence. And Philip was able to make the claim of the old Roman: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." For, as page of the palace, he was on duty at almost every "high function."

There were banquets and balls, shows and processions, festivals and fêtes, street parades and water parades, tournaments, fireworks, and balloon ascensions, and everything that busy brains could devise or lavish expenditure could procure to please the people, show the grandeur of the Empire, and do honor to the one who, probably, took the least interest in it all — a pretty little baby boy, only three months old.

At the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, at stately Versailles, and at beautiful Rambouillet the summer passed in pleasure and parade and a blaze of glory; for these were the palmy days of the Empire, the climax of Napoleon's power.

And one day in the Place of the Carrousel, the great open square in front of the palace of the Tuileries, where the Emperor held his weekly reviews of the Imperial Guard, there came a new surprise.

It was a beautiful August day. The splendid palace, outlined against the clear Parisian sky, made a grand background for the mass of moving color, as battalion after battalion wheeled and circled and charged and maneuvered. Cavalry and infantry marched and countermarched, plumes nodded, bayonets flashed, helmets glittered, bands played, display was everywhere.

Then, while the regiments stood at rest, the gay strains of other military bands were heard, and into the square, beneath the triumphal arch crowned by the great bronze horses of St. Mark's, Venice, came rank upon rank, in soldierly array, spick and span in their new uniforms of green and gold, eight thousand little foot-soldiers, not one of whom was yet in his teens.

As steadily as veterans, as solid as the Old Guard itself, every boy doing his best, every eye "front," every hand shouldering a toy musket or carrying a dwarf sword, the Lilliputian battalions halted and faced the smiling veterans.

The Emperor appeared. The boys went through their maneuvers with precision and ease. And when the review was over the Emperor, standing midway between his veterans and his boy brigade, pointed to the little soldiers, and said to his grenadiers:

"Soldiers of my Guard, behold your children! These are the Pupils of the Guard, the sons of those who have fallen in battle for France, the defenders upon whose valor the future of my empire must rest. To them I confide the guarding of my son, as I have confided myself to you. For them I require, from you, friendship and protection."

Then facing the boyish brigade, he said: "My children, in attaching you to my Guard I give you a difficult duty. But I shall trust in you. I know that some day it will be said of you: 'These children are worthy of their fathers.' Pupils of the Guard! from this day you are in the service of the King of Rome."

"Long live the Emperor!" From the Guard and its "Pupils," and from the thousands who witnessed the double review, the mighty shout went up. Philip's voice helped to swell the shout. He had regarded the little Pupils of the Guard with all that patronage of superiority that fifteen accords to ten. But he was enthusiastic none the less, and led off in a fresh hail of "Long live the King of Rome! Long live the Pupils of the Guard!"

In the midst of this outburst his shout changed suddenly to a cry of recognition and joy. For, in the little knot of non-commissioned officers who had accompanied the Pu-

pils of the Guard, and whom he supposed to be their preceptors, he caught a glimpse of a familiar face. That wooden leg, that grizzled mustache, that stalwart figure, that proudly displayed cross of the Legion of Honor, that air of confidence and self-recognized ability—it could be none other! In a moment Philip had rushed across the parade, and flung himself upon the unresisting veteran.

The boy's eyes had not played him false. It was old Corporal Peyrolles—Peyrolles the wooden-legged—Peyrolles of St. Cyr!

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW PHILIP BAITED THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

"PEYROLLES! Dear old Peyrolles! Where, then, do you come from?" Philip cried, hugging the veteran in a frenzy of delight.

"Why, your Serene Mightiness, if your Imperial Magnificence will but grant me space to breathe," Corporal Peyrolles replied, struggling to salute his captor, "I would say in answer, from the School of the Pupils of the Guard at Vincennes, most Noble Nobility."

"And when did you leave St. Cyr?"

"With your Excellency's permission, I would answer, your Serene Mightiness, just two months ago."

"But whatever is the matter with you, 'high-mightinessing' me like that, you Peyrolles?" Philip cried, casting a laughing look of puzzled inquiry upon the veteran's stolid face. "Why—don't you know me?—me—Cadet Desnouettes of St. Cyr?"

"So! Is it young Desnouettes?" exclaimed Peyrolles, catching the boy by the arm. "Why, to be sure—the very same boy—or, pardon me—your Imperial Excellency. And what may you be, all so fine in your crimson and gold?"

"Why, what should I be?" Philip replied. "A page of the palace, of course."

"What! over a year at court, and only a page yet?" Peyrolles exclaimed. "You are slow, you boy. By this time, as titles are going yonder, you should be a Hereditary Grand Duke, or a First Grand Marshal of the Blood Royal, at the very least."

"You dear old grumbler!" cried Philip, giving the veteran another hug. And then he

laughed; for now he saw through Peyrolles's perplexing play with imperial adjectives. The old fellow did not approve of this flow of titles and honors that pervaded the court of the Emperor. Corporal Peyrolles was jealous.

"Why, look you, young Desnouettes," he said; "you can't throw a stone in Paris, anywhere, without hitting a title. And what were they all? No better than Peyrolles once. Murat a king! I marched with him at Arcola. Ney a prince! I fought beside him at Marengo. Bessières a duke! I saved his life at Austerlitz. Duroc a grand something or other at the palace! I helped him through the sand at the Pyramids. Why, even old Clubfoot, whom we drove out of the republic for an emigrant, is a prince, if you please, and weaves his web about the Emperor."

The old corporal grew so heated over this title-giving to those whom he had known as "nobodies" and subalterns, that Philip was forced to stop the tirade for fear of listeners.

But Peyrolles was right, none the less. The craze for titles and position was undermining the Empire. The Corsican lieutenant who had been the friend of the Robespierres, the general of the Revolution who had made the Republic triumphant over the kings of Europe, had now become as great a royalist as Louis XVI., as firm an upholder of the divine right of kings as his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria. He was welcoming back the emigrant nobles who had been exiled because they were royalists, and was scattering titles among his supporters like prizes at a rifle-match.

But though an old soldier of the Republic like Peyrolles might grumble, and an old revolutionist like Uncle Fauriel might growl, the attaché of an imperial court like Philip,—a boy who adored his Emperor, and had place and perquisites at the court,—could look neither beneath nor beyond the daily life of which he was a part. "Who knows?" he said; "I may be a prince some day. There is a chance for every boy now, in France." An ambitious lad, even if he did stop to think of things, would be a believer in honors and titles and rewards of merit.

But Philip was delighted to be so near his dear old Peyrolles once more, and they talked of old times until the call to duty drew the

veteran to his barracks and the page to his palace.

This very day of the review of the Pupils of the Guard, there was a grand reception at the Tuileries. The Emperor received.

The splendid palace was thronged with guests—representatives of every nation in Europe—vassal kings, allied princes, titled ambassadors, peers and marshals of France, high officials, famous citizens, dashing soldiers, grand ladies, ushers and pages.

Among the pages was Philip. With a half-dozen of his brothers in livery, he stood by the big door that opened into the splendid Saloon of the Marshals. Here they awaited the arrival of the Emperor, who was making a tour of the palace and greeting or conversing with the great ones who were present at the reception.

The pages, boy-like, were discussing everything—criticizing this person, making fun of that, and getting food for talk in whatever came uppermost, from the toilets of the ladies and the awkwardness of the “provincials” to the last hotly contested game of “bars,” the greased-pole climbing at the public sports in the Field of Mars, and the foreign policy of the Emperor; for in all ages boys have been the same—making “talk” out of everything.

In all such boy-talks Philip always stood as the champion of the Emperor. He was at once apologist and applauder; but, with him, approval was real. Boys who have faith in their heroes are the most uncompromising of partizans. Whether Napoleon trod on the toes of Prussia, or snapped his fingers in the face of England, Philip was ready to approve without thinking why, and to shout: “Serves ’em right! Long live the Emperor!”

Especially was this true of our page when, cautiously, systematically, and determinedly, the Emperor of the French began to prepare the field for a great hunting of the Russian Bear. And, on the day of the reception, talk of this now historic hunt was rife at Paris, for the relations between Emperor and Czar were daily growing more and more strained.

So, as the pages grouped themselves about the doorway of the great Saloon of the Marshals, the conversation gradually drifted toward the subject that was uppermost, whereupon one

of the boys had boldly declared that when England was whipped out of Spain,—as of course England would be,—that would end the war. For Prince Talleyrand, he said, wanted peace.

“Pouf! Old Clubfoot! What has he got to say about it?” Philip exclaimed indignantly.

“Careful, young Desnouettes,” one of the pages whispered, with a not very gentle nudge. “Clubfoot’s around somewhere. Not so loud, you, or your ears may smart.”

“Well, it makes me mad, that!” Philip declared, but with lowered voice. “Much Talleyrand knows about it! He’s got his discharge long ago. He’s nothing to say. The Emperor, he’s the one to decide; and the Emperor, I tell you, is bound to take it out of Russia. The Czar has been wild ever since he had to give in that day on the raft at Tilsit.”

“That may be,” the peace page rejoined; “but he’s not mad enough to fight. If he were, he would have pitched into us when the Emperor said, ‘No, thank you,’ at the time Russia offered him the princess for a wife. The Czar won’t fight. Catch-a-Sneezy said so.”

“So? What does Catch-a-Sneezy know about it?” Philip exclaimed, a bit contemptuously. “He is but a spy, anyhow.”

“No, sir; he is a fine man, Catch-a-Sneezy is,” declared Victor. “He gave me two napoleons for slipping him into the Emperor’s study one day.”

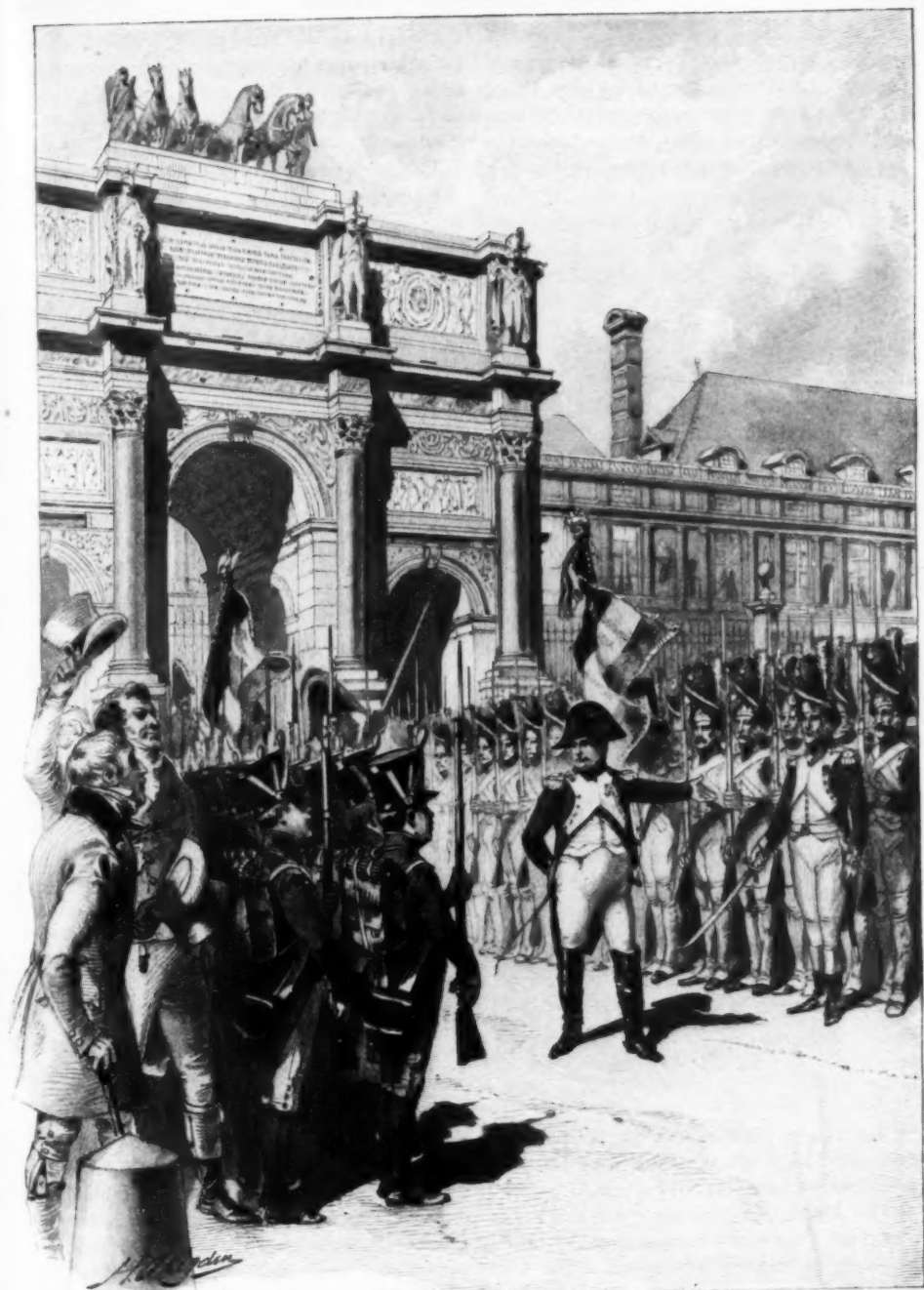
“Yes; to listen and to spy,” Philip retorted, so forgetful as to raise his voice again. “I am surprised at you, you Victor. I tell you, Catch-a-Sneezy was a spy.”

“And who, now, might this Catch-a-Sneezy be, young sir?”

The query came from a big, bejeweled man close at Philip’s elbow. The pages caught their breath, and nudged each other excitedly. “Young Desnouettes has got himself into a pretty mess,” they whispered. The questioner was Prince Kourakin, the Russian ambassador.

Philip looked around, a trifle dismayed. But, with true boyish heedlessness, he went on: “Why—that’s what we call Monsieur de Sneezy—Zernzy—Czernicheff, your highness,” Philip explained, struggling with the unpronounceable name of the Russian who, it was claimed, had played the spy in Paris.



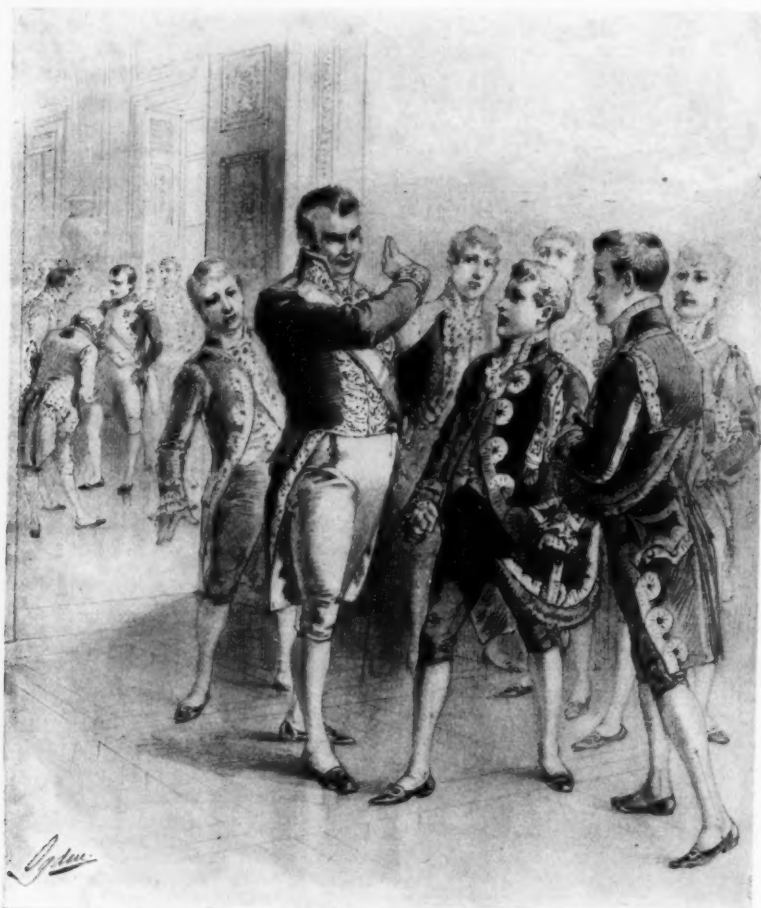


NAPOLEON REVIEWS THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

"And you dare to call the aide-de-camp of the Czar a spy, you boy!" the Ambassador said indignantly. "Have a care; have a care, young sir! Such a word spoken at the court of the Czar would cost even you—boy though you are—your liberty and cause you to feel the whip."

"What if he is?" cried heedless Philip, while the other pages felt alternate pride and terror at the audacity of their colleague. "Great as he is, our Little Corporal could eat him at a mouthful."

The quick temper of the Russian, irritated at



PHILIP AND THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

"But this is France, and not Russia, your highness," Philip replied with spirit. "Our Emperor does not knout his boys as Old Alec does."

"Old Alec? Rascally one! But this passes a jest," cried the angry Ambassador. "Be careful, young Insolence! You speak of the Czar of all the Russias. He is too great a man for a graceless boy like you to nickname thus."

the thought of being thus badgered by a boy, and for the instant forgetful of his dignity and surroundings,—stirred, too, by other things that had come to his ears that day,—flamed up at this boyish impudence. The words had scarce passed the page's lips when the hand of the Ambassador flew out, and a sudden and stinging cuff fell upon the boy's ear.

Then Philip lost his temper. He even forgot for an instant to be a gentleman—the thing he most prided himself upon.

"Ah, Cossack!" he cried. "But that is like you Russians—to strike those not your size. This is not Poland, sir; this is France. And you, Monsieur the Ambassador—you are a coward!"

The pages stood ready to back up their comrade, and in a ring about the minister glared at him like angry dogs holding a bear at bay. But the Ambassador had recovered himself, and with a scornful laugh turned on his heel and walked away to join his brother ambassadors. At that instant the voice of the usher announced, "The Emperor!"—and there, in the doorway, while the pages lined up on both sides to honor the entrance of their master, stood the little man in the chasseur's uniform—the Emperor Napoleon. Philip hoped his indiscretion had escaped the imperial eye; for few indeed, save those concerned in it, had noticed the serio-comic drama. With an ear yet tingling and a face yet hot with the flush of anger, but feeling, nevertheless, that he had the best of the encounter, Philip bowed low among the other pages as the Emperor passed by them.

And Victor whispered, "My faith! but that was a narrow escape for you, my Philip. I only wish it were over. You'll catch it yet, I fear. The bear is sharpening his teeth for you, and he bites. If he growls at the Emperor, though—whoop!"

He must have growled a bit; for ere long the boys heard, as did every one else in the room, the voice of Napoleon rising loud and cuttingly, while the Russian statesman, concealing his discomfiture under a smile, took the scolding with scarce a word of protest.

That scolding is now historic. It grew into a

harangue, and for full ten minutes it continued unchecked. Philip indeed had baited the Russian Bear, and now Sir Bruin stood at bay before the chief of the pack. Over his back Napoleon barked at Russia and snapped at the Czar. "Choose," he said, "between the English and me. I alone can help you. If you threaten, I can fight; and where then will you be? You Russians are like a hare shot in the back: it gets up on its hind legs to look around, and ouf! another shot takes the fool in its head." And so on, and so on, while Philip hugged himself with glee, and the other pages looked and listened with astonishment.

Prince Kourakin, when the Emperor's breath had spent itself in words, withdrew in haste.

"Whew, I am suffocated!" Philip heard the Russian declare to his colleague the Ambassador of Prussia. "I must get into the air. It is very hot in the audience-room of the Emperor."

As he passed he glared at Philip, and the page, true to the boy-love for teasing, could not restrain a passing shot: "It is not Poland, it is France, your highness," he said. "But, now—who gets the knout?"

The next instant, however, he regretted his hasty speech. He knew he had violated all the proprieties of court etiquette and dignity. And this, he knew, the Emperor never overlooked.

A hand fell upon his shoulder, and he recognized the voice of Malvirade, the First Page.

"To the Emperor, young Desnouettes. He calls you. Come—quickly, quickly; he is in haste."

And Philip, bracing himself for a "scene," faced about and went boldly forward "to take his medicine like a little man." For Philip, though heedless often, was never a coward.

(To be continued)



## BUTTERFLY PETS.

BY LOUISE E. HOGAN.



DINNER FOR TWO.

It may seem very strange to hear of butterflies as pets, but there is now, in New York city, a little boy who had as pets, during September and November of last year, four *Archippus* butterflies, and the illustrations to this article were taken from these real models.

The *Archippus* is one of our largest butterflies, measuring from three to four and a half inches across its outspread wings. It appears in the latter part of July, and lives all through September, and sometimes into the early part of October, if the weather is mild and warm. It loves the sunshine, and has a very leisurely and graceful manner of flying about, from flower to flower, as if it were enjoying everything to the utmost. Helen Conant tells us truly in her charming little book, "The Butterfly Hunters," that there is no butterfly that takes such strong hold of one's fingers with its feet as the *Archippus*. It is not so bright in color as some others, but the wings are tawny orange, and are beautifully bordered with black dotted with white. Fine black veins cross the wings, and on the tip of the fore wing are sev-

eral yellow and white spots extending up on the front border. The under sides of the wings are a deep yellow, bordered and veined like the upper sides. The head and the thorax, or chest part, are black, spotted with white, and the slender feelers or antennæ end in a long knob.

The little boy referred to above, whose name is Jack, was out in the fields near Bayonne, New Jersey, one sunny morning in September, playing with his usual companion, when they happened to meet two small "butterfly hunters" who had caught three very large *Archippus* butterflies.

Jack was charmed with the pretty creatures, and stood quite still, gazing eager-eyed and wistful. The older boy suggested that the boy who held the butterflies should give one to Jack, which was instantly and kindly done, and Jack heartily thanked them and took home his prize very carefully.

The idea then occurred to me to find out how long the butterfly would live, if tenderly cared for; as recently a writer, in describing

some captured butterflies, spoke of their short life, saying that from ten to fourteen days was the average.

Jack's first butterfly escaped, after a week, through an unnoticed crack in the window; but it had been taught to feed quietly from his finger, a glass, or a flower. He said at once, "We must go to look for another, or I will have to cry!" You must remember that he was only four years old.

He went into the fields again, and though he saw several small butterflies, found no Archippus, and met no boy-hunters. For a week the loss of his pet was mourned, and then a beautiful specimen was spied in a neighboring yard. Jack watched it until it disappeared, and then begged his mother to go with him in search of it. On the way he interested several small boys in his quest, and they found the butterfly, secured it, and gave it to Jack, who brought it home in triumph. At home Jack found awaiting his return another Archippus, which had been caught by a boy who had heard Jack wanted one. Evidently all the

butterflies to eat the sugar-syrup with which they were fed. The others waited several days before they seemed to understand what was being done.

In teaching them it was necessary to handle them very gently,



JACK'S  
LITTLE FRIEND  
ARCHIPPUS.

always closing the wings, and holding the butterfly by them near the head, releasing the feet very carefully at the same time with the other hand, as the Archippus clings very tenaciously, the feet having two fork-like claws which take a

very strong hold of any rough surface. Jack's butterflies slept on the lace curtains by the windows, and therefore, when lifted, had to be moved very cautiously. By putting a finger in front of the butterfly's antennae, and touching one of them very lightly (as if to let the little creature know the finger was there), the butterfly would in almost every instance creep upon the extended finger, where, after one or two trials, it would sit contentedly, sipping its sugar-water.



THE BUTTERFLY'S BATH.

boys in the neighborhood were interested, for the next day still another was brought. It took only one day to teach one of the new

One of Jack's pets used his front feet in a very impatient way, kicking out right and left, as if hunting for the finger which was usually



there when he was ready to pay attention to cleaning his wings, body, and feet, after a meal of thick and sticky sugar-water. His washing was done very daintily, in a basin or bowl in



THE BUTTERFLY ON THE CURTAIN.

which there was about a gill of water. At the same time he alternately projected and drew in the trunk-like proboscis with which he fed—which is altogether a remarkable and very interesting feature. When not in use, this organ is coiled up very closely, and when the butterfly is asleep the coil is so small that it can scarcely be seen. When feeding or taking its bath the butterfly frequently rolled its proboscis up half-way, and then opened it again and went on with what it was doing.

It was very curious to note the degree of intelligence shown by this butterfly during the six weeks of his life as a pet. It was a very pretty sight to see him sit in the bowl of water, now lapping, then picking all over his coat and wings, again taking a sip, and so on, until he seemed well satisfied with his condition, and flew away. He would alight upon the curtain, over which he crawled slowly, very likely

to dry the under side of his body, which had touched the water; then he would close his wings, and take his usual afternoon nap. Before eating he was very active, fluttering about in the sunshine, up and down the curtains, and about the room, and occasionally resting upon Jack's shoulder or hand, or on the floor, where he would bask in the sunshine with wide-open wings. Sometimes Jack would find him on the under side of the head of the sofa.

This butterfly's companion lived with him, feeding from the same glass and sleeping near him, in the same closet or on the curtain, for nearly three weeks, when, through inadvertence, the poor creature was left in a room for a moment where the gas had been lighted, and he sealed his own doom by flying through the blaze. He fell to the floor, apparently unhurt, but we soon learned that he could not live.

The third butterfly brought to Jack escaped through the same space between the windows that gave liberty to the first one. They would flutter up and down the windows in the sunshine, except when resting upon the curtains, and in this way two of them got between the sashes—the lower one having been raised to give room for the window-screen—and escaped. A week after the first three were brought, another boy came with a fine Archippus, which eventually broke its wing. Jack brought his pets to New York, in a covered and well-ventilated box, where a compassionate druggist etherized the broken-winged butterfly. Jack feared it was suffering, and was glad to see it die. It was soon after this that the other butterfly flew through the gas, and Jack then had only one, and the season was too far advanced to catch any more. This butterfly was fed once a day with honey, and was allowed to fly about in the sunshine whenever that was possible. It was also put away very carefully at night in a dark closet, where it liked to sleep resting upon some soft material. If put down upon the shelf, it would flutter about in the dark until it found something soft. At one place, during their travels, the three butterflies slept on the window, behind the curtains, and in the morning they would begin their fluttering as soon as the sunshine came.

## THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A LITTLE robin came too soon  
From Summerland away;  
He must have thought that it was June  
When 't was not even May.  
"O Robin! with the scarlet vest  
Guard well your tiny throat,  
Or of the song you love the best  
You cannot sing a note.  
There is no other bird about;  
And, in their coats of fur,  
The pussy-willows are not out —  
They dare not even purr.  
And you will freeze!" But, as I spoke,  
He hopped upon a tree,  
As if the cold were but a joke,  
And sang this song to me:

"O Apple-tree! the while 't is snowing,  
How your pinky buds are glowing —  
Growing — blowing — glowing  
On everything I see!  
And somewhere in your branches hiding

One small nest is safe abiding,  
Waiting — waiting — waiting  
My little love and me.

"O Brook! because the ice is near you,  
Do you think I cannot hear you  
Singing — singing — singing  
Of daisies and the spring?  
O Meadows white! with snowdrifts over,  
Don't you know I smell the clover  
Coming — coming — coming  
While loud the bluebells ring?

"O frozen Flakes! that cling together,  
You are every one a feather  
Falling — falling — falling  
To line the world's great nest.  
O Night and Darkness! downward pressing,  
You are wings spread out caressing,  
Brooding — brooding — brooding,  
All tired things to rest."

And then my robin spread his wings  
And flew across the snow;  
But somewhere, dear, he always sings  
This little song, I know.

*Harriet F. Blodgett.*



THE CHICKY FAMILY'S RIDE.

## JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

#### THE THIRD DAY.

JACK was awakened the next morning by Dred stirring about. The sun had not yet arisen; the sky, mottled over with drifting clouds, was blue and mild. "Well," said Dred, "I'm going over to the sand-hills now. You and the young lady can get some breakfast ready ag'in' I get back."

"Why, then," said Jack, "don't you mean to take me along with you?"

"No," said Dred; "'t would be no use. You can do more by staying here and getting ready a bite to eat, for I want to make as early a start as may be."

Jack watched him as he walked across the little sandy hummocks covered with the wiry sedge-grass that bent and quivered in the gentle wind.

Then he got together some wood for the fire, and presently had a good blaze crackling and snapping. The young lady was stirring, and in a little while she came to the door of the hut and stood looking at him. "Where 's Dred?" said she.

"Why," said Jack, "he 's gone across to an observation-tree over yonder"—pointing in the direction with a bit of wood. "I think he 'll be back within half an hour, and he wants that we should get breakfast ready against that time."

The breakfast was cooked and spread out upon a board when Dred returned. His impassive face looked more than usually expressionless. "Did you see anything?" asked Jack.

Dred did not seem to hear him, and made no reply. He fell to at the food without waiting for the others. "Ye might ha' roasted two

or three of them 'taties we fetched with us," said he. "We hain't touched them yet, and this is like enough to be the last chance we 'll get to do so now, for we be n't like to go ashore,—leastwise this side of the inlet,—and arter that we 've got to make straight to Vir-ginny."

He finished his meal before the others, and walked up and down while they ate. By and by he managed to catch Jack's eye, and beckoned to him. Jack nodded his head, and presently he rose. Dred led the way around the end of the house. "Well," said he in a low voice, "I 've been and took an observation."

"Well," said Jack, "what then?"

"Why," said he, "I see a sail off to the south'rd a-making up Croatan way."

Jack felt a sudden quick shrinking pang of apprehension about his heart. "Well," said he, "what was it? Was it the sloop?"

Dred shook his head. "I don't know that," said he, "and I can't just say as 't was the sloop—but I can't say as 't were n't the sloop, neither. It may have been a coaster or summat of the sort; there 's no saying, for 't was too far away for me to tell just what it was. But I 'll tell you what 't is, lad, we 've got to get away as fast as may be, for the craft I see be n't more than fourteen or fifteen knot astarn of us, and, give her a stiff breeze, she may overhaul that betwixt here and the inlet if we tarries too long. I 'd 'a' gone right away only the breakfast was ready, and I did n't want to frighten the young Mistress, if so be 't were n't the sloop, arter all."

Jack was looking very fixedly at Dred. "Well, Dred," said he, "suppose 't is the sloop, and it does overhaul us, what then?"

Dred shrugged his shoulders, and there was something in the shrug that spoke more voluminously than words could have done. "'T is no use axing me what then," said he presently.

"Well—all we can do is to take our chances as they come."

The danger in the possibility that the boat Dred had seen was the sloop, and the further possibility of its overhauling them, loomed larger and larger in Jack's mind the more he thought of it. For a time it seemed as though he could not bear the weight of apprehension that now began to settle upon him. Jack wondered that Dred could be so cool in the face of it. "Why, Dred," said he, "you don't seem to care whether 't is the sloop or not."

Dred looked at him out of his narrow, black, bead-like eyes and then shrugged his shoulders again. His face was as impassive as that of a sphinx.

Jack stood thinking for a while. The growing keenness of his apprehension made him almost physically sick. He believed that Dred believed that the sloop was really Blackbeard's, and that it was overhauling them. "Why not lie here for the day as you said just now?" said he, "and sail at night? At least they could n't see us at night to chase us, and we might get by them in the darkness."

Dred shook his head. "I 've debated all that there, as I told ye," said he, "and 't would n't do. D' ye see, if we tarry here so long, 't will allow them—if it be the pirate sloop I saw—to maybe get to the inlet afore we do, and to lie across it so there would be no getting out for us, at all. No; to my mind, 't is best to make a straight run for it now, and trust to luck. We 've got a four- or five-league start on 'em now, and that 's a great deal in a starn chase and a straight chase. If the wind holds as 't is now, from the sou'west, and blowing any kind of a breeze, we ought to make the inlet to-night. Contrariwise, if the wind gets down, why, then we 'll have to pull for it with the oars; and we can make better headway with them than they in the sloop can make with their sweeps."

Jack heaved an oppressed and labored sigh.

"After all, 't is a blind chance of that there craft being the sloop," said Dred. "She may be a coaster. But 't is no use stopping to talk about that there now; what we 've got to do first of all is to get away from here as quick as may be. I don't see how they got track on us,

anyhow," said he, almost to himself, "unless they chanced to get some news of us at Goss's, or unless they ran across Goss hisself." He slapped his thigh suddenly. "'T is like enough, now I come to think on it, Goss has gone off some'eres to buy rum with the sixpence I gave his mistress, and has run across the Captain some'eres in the sloop."

"Then you do think the sail you saw was the sloop?" said Jack.

Once more Dred shrugged his shoulders, but vouchsafed no other reply.

The breeze grew lighter and lighter as the day advanced, but by noon they had run in back of a small island, and by three or four o'clock were well up into the shoal water of Currituck Sound.

When they had got out free of the island and into Albemarle Sound, Dred had every now and then stood up to look back. Then again he would take his place looking out ahead. Each time he had done so Jack had looked at him, but could make nothing out of his expressionless, sphinx-like face. Jack wondered whether the crooked scar across the cheek gave the face its mask-like look.

Dred glanced up overhead; the broad sunlight glinted in his narrow black eyes. "The wind be growing mightily light," said he; and then again he stood up and looked out astern. This time, when he sat down, he exchanged one swift glance with Jack, and Jack knew that he had seen something. After that Dred did not rise again, but he held the tiller motionlessly, looking steadily out across the water, that grew smoother as the breeze fell more and more away. By and by he said suddenly: "Ye might as well get out the oars and row a bit, lad; 't will help us along a trifle."

Jack went forward and shipped the oars into the rowlocks. The sun had been warm and strong all day, and he laid aside his coat before he began rowing. They were now skirting along well toward the eastern shore of Currituck Sound. There was a narrow strip of beach, a strip of flat green marsh, and then beyond that a white ridge of sand. Flocks of gulls sat out along the shoals, which, in places, were just covered with a thin sheet of water. Every now

and then they would rise as the boat crept nearer and nearer to them, and would circle and hover in clamorous flight. Presently, as Jack sat rowing and looking out astern, he himself saw the pursuing sail. The first sight of it struck him as with a sudden shock. He felt certain that Dred believed it to be the sloop. He himself felt sure that it must be, for why else would it be following them up into the shoals of Currituck Sound?

Suddenly in the silence the young lady spoke: "Why, that 's another boat I see down yonder, is it not?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Dred, briefly. He had not turned his head or looked at her as he spoke, and Jack bowed over the oars as he pulled away at them.

After that there was nothing more said for a long time. The young lady sat with her elbow resting upon the rail, now looking out at the boat astern, and now down into the water. She was perfectly unconscious of any danger. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" Jack was saying to himself, "what if the sloop should overhaul us!" The thought was always in his mind as he rowed. A long flock of black ducks threaded its flight across the sunny level of marsh. There was no cessation to the iterated and ceaseless clamor of the gulls. Now and then a quavering whistle from some unseen flock of marsh-birds sounded out from the measureless blue above. Jack never ceased in his rowing; he saw and heard all these things as with the outer part of his consciousness; with the inner part he was thinking ceaselessly of the possibility of capture. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" He looked at Dred's impassive face, and now and then their eyes met. Jack wondered what he was thinking of; whether he thought they would get away, or whether he thought they would not. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!"

The sail was still hanging almost flat; only every now and then it swelled out sluggishly, and the boat drew forward a little with a noisier ripple of water under the bows. Jack pulled steadily away at the oars without ceasing. It seemed to him that the sail of the boat in the distance stood higher from the water than it had. At last he could not forbear to speak.

"She 's coming nigher, ain't she, Dred?" he asked.

"I reckon not," said Dred, without turning his head; "I reckon 't is just looming to the south'rd, and that makes her appear to stand higher. Maybe she may have a trifle more wind than we, but not much."

The young lady roused herself, turned, and looked out astern. "What boat is that?" said she. "It has been following us all the afternoon."

Dred turned toward her with a swift look. "Why, Mistress," said he, "I don't see no use in keeping it from you; 't is like that be Black-beard's boat—the sloop."

The young lady looked steadily at him and then at Jack. "Are they going to catch us?" she asked.

"Why, no," said Dred, "I reckon not; we 've got too much of a start on 'em. It be n't more than thirty knot to the inlet, and they 've got maybe six knot to overhaul us yet." He turned his head and looked out astern. "D' ye see," said he, "ye can't tell as to how far they be away. It be looming up yonder to the south'rd. 'T is like they be as much as seven knot away rather than six knot." Again he stood up and looked out astern. "They 've got a puff of air down there yet," said he, "and they 've got out the sweeps, too."

Jack wondered how Dred could see so far as to know what they were doing. The breeze had died away now to cat's-paws that just ruffled the smooth, bright surface of the water. Dred, as he stood up, stretched first one arm and then another. He stood for a while resting his hand upon the boom, looking out at the other vessel. Then he began to whistle shrilly a monotonous tune through his teeth. Jack knew he was whistling for a wind. Presently he took up his clasp-knife, and opened it as he stepped across the thwarts. Jack moved aside to make way for him. He stuck the knife into the mast, and then went aft again. The young lady watched him curiously. "What did you do that for?" said she.

"To fetch up a breeze, Mistress," said he, shortly.

Jack pulled steadily at the oars without ceasing. The sun sloped lower and lower toward the west. "They ain't gaining on us



now," said Dred, but nevertheless Jack could see that the sail had grown larger and higher over the edge of the horizon.

The yellow light of the afternoon changed to orange and then to red, as the sun set in a perfectly cloudless sky. "I can't row any more, Dred," said Jack; "I'm dead tired." He had not noticed his weariness before; it seemed as though it suddenly fell upon him like a leaden weight. The palms of his hands were burning like fire. He looked at the red, blistered surface; they had not hurt him so much until he stretched them, trying to open them.

"Take a bite to eat," said Dred; "'t will freshen you up a bit."

"I don't feel hungry," said Jack.

"Like enough not," said Dred. "But 't will do you good to eat a bite, all the same. The biscuits are aft here. Here, Mistress, eat that"; and he handed a biscuit to the young lady.

The sail in the distance burned like fire in the setting sun. The three looked at it. "D'ye say your prayers, Mistress?" said Dred.

She looked at him as though startled at the question. "Why, yes, I do," said she. "What do you mean?"

"Why, if you do say your prayers," said Dred, "when you say 'em to-night just ax for a wind, won't ye? We've got to make the inlet to-night."

The sun set; the gray of twilight melted into night; the ceaseless clamor of the gulls had long since subsided, and the cool, star-dotted sky looked down silently and breathlessly upon them as they lay drifting upon the surface of the water. "I'll take a try at the oars myself," said Dred, "but I can't do much. You go to sleep, lad; I'll wake you arter a while."

Jack lay down upon the bench opposite the young lady. He shut his eyes. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" he thought, and then he saw the bright level of the water and the green level of the marsh, as he had seen them all that afternoon. He seemed to hear the clamor of the gulls singing in his ears, and his tired body felt the motion of rowing. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" At last his thoughts became tangled; they blurred and ran together, and before he knew it he

was fast asleep—in the dead sleep of weariness—and all care and fear of danger was forgotten.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE FOURTH DAY.

JACK felt some one shaking him. He tried not to awaken—he tried to hold fast to his sleep; but he felt that he was growing wider and wider awake. Dred was shaking him. Jack sat up, at first dull and stupefied with sleep. He did not, in the moment of new awakening, know where he was. His mind did not fit immediately into the circumstances around him—the narrow, hard space of the boat, the starry vault of sky, and the dark water. Then, instantly and suddenly, he remembered everything with vivid distinctness. He looked around for the pursuing boat: it was nowhere to be seen in the darkness.

"Come," said Dred, "I've let you have a good long sleep, but I can't let you have no more. We've got to take to the oars again, and that's all there is about it. I tried to row, but I could n't do it; and so ever since you've been sleeping the boat's been drifting. I'll lend a hand with one of the oars for a while; 't will not be so hard on you as if you had to pull both. But I could n't row by myself, and that's all there is of it."

"How long have I been asleep?" asked Jack.

"Why," said Dred, "a matter of four or five hour."

"Four or five hours!" exclaimed Jack. It seemed to him that he had not been asleep an hour. He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs. There was not a breath of air stirring. In the stern lay the young lady, dark and silent, covered over with the overcoats and wraps, and evidently asleep. She stirred just a little at the sound of their talking, but did not arouse herself.

"Have you seen or heard aught of the sloop?" asked Jack.

"No," said Dred. "Go and take your place, and we'll pull a bit. I'll take this seat here; you take the one amidships."

Jack climbed over the thwarts to his place; he was still dazed and half inert with the fumes

of sleep. He took up his oar, and settled it quietly into the rowlock so as not to disturb the young lady. "Do you know what time 't is, Dred?" he asked.

"I make it about two o'clock," said Dred, "judging by the looks of the stars." He was leaning over his oar and opening the bag of biscuit. He handed one back to Jack. "We'll take a bite to eat and a drop to drink afore we begin rowing," said he. "Where 's the bottle? Oh, yes; here 't is."

The young lady stirred at the sound of his voice near her.

Jack's hands were still sore and blistered from the rowing of the day before. At first the oar hurt him very much; but his hands presently got used to the dragging pull, and he dipped and pulled in time with the moving of Dred's body, which he could dimly see in the darkness. They rowed on in perfect silence. Now and then Jack's consciousness blurred, and he felt himself falling asleep; but he never ceased his rowing. Then again he would awaken, looking out, as he dipped his oar, to the whirling eddy it made in the water. Every stroke of the oar drew the heavy boat more than a yard and a half onward. "A thousand strokes," said Jack to himself, "will make a mile." And then he began counting each stroke as he rowed. Again his mind blurred, and he forgot what he was counting. "'T was three hundred and twenty I left off with," thought he, as he wakened again. "Maybe there 's been twenty since then; that would make three hundred and forty. Three hundred and forty-one, three hundred and forty-two, three hundred and forty-three"—there was a splash. "That was a fish jumped then. Three hundred and forty-four, three hundred and forty-five."

Dred stopped rowing. "I 've got to rest a bit," said he, almost with a groan. "Drat that there fever! I don't know what a body 's got to have fever for, anyway!"

Jack rested upon his oar. It seemed to him that he almost immediately began drifting off into unconsciousness, to awaken again with a start. Dred was still resting upon his oar, and the boat was drifting. They were enveloped and wrapped around by a perfect silence,

through which there seemed to breathe a liquid murmur.

Still there was no breeze; but there began to be an indescribable air of freshness breathed out upon the night. The distant piping of a flock of marsh-birds sounded suddenly out of the hollow darkness above. It was the first spark of the newly awakened life. Again a tremulous whistle sounded as if passing directly above their heads. The young lady still lay darkly motionless in the stern. All the earth seemed sleeping excepting themselves and that immaterial whistle sounding out from that abysmal vault of darkness. Jack fancied that there was a slight shot of gray in the east. Again the whistle sounded, now faint in the distance. Then there was another answering whistle; then another—then another. Presently it seemed as if the air were alive with the whistling. Suddenly, far away, sounded the sharp clamor of a sea-gull; a pause; then instantly came a confused clamor of many gulls. There slowly grew to be a faint, pallid light along the east, as broad as a man's hand; but still all around them the water stretched dark and mysterious.

Dred was again resting upon his oar, breathing heavily. "'T will be broad daylight within an hour," said he, "and then we can see where we be."

His sudden speech struck with a startling jar upon the solitude of the waking day, and Jack was instantly wide awake. "How far are we from the inlet now, do you suppose, Dred?"

A pause. "I don't just know," said Dred. "'T is maybe not more than fifteen mile."

"Fifteen miles!" repeated Jack. "Have we got to row fifteen miles yet?"

"We'll have to if we don't get a breeze," said Dred, still panting. "And as we did n't get a breeze to reach us to the inlet last night, we don't want it now. 'T will only serve to fetch them down upon us if a breeze springs up now."

Again the sleeping figure in the stern stirred a little at the sound of voices. The growing light in the east waxed broader and broader. In that direction the distance separated itself from the sky. Jack could see that they were maybe a mile from the marshy shore, over which now had awakened the ceaseless clamor

of the gulls and the teeming life of the sedgy solitude. To the west it was still dark and indistinct, but they could see a further and further stretch of water. "I see her," said Dred. "Well, she don't appear to have gained any on us during the night, anyways."

Jack could see nothing for a while, but after a time he did distinguish the pallid flicker of a spot of sail in the far-away distance. Had it gained upon them? It seemed to Jack, in spite of what Dred had said, that it was nearer to them.

The day grew wider and wider. The sun had not yet risen, but everything stood out now in the broad, clear, universal flood of light that lit up the heavens and the earth. The east grew rosy, and the distance to the west came out sharply against the dull, gray sky in which shone steadily a single brilliant star. The boat was wet with the dew that had gathered upon it.

The young lady roused herself, and sat up shuddering in the chill of the new awakening. She looked about her. Then Dred stood up and looked long and steadily at the strip of beach to the east. "I don't know much about the lay of the coast up this way," said he. "There ought to be a signal-mast over toward the ocean side some'eres about here. But, so far as I can make out, we be ten mile from the inlet. I thought we 'd been nigher to it than we are."

The water was as smooth as glass.

Suddenly the sun rose big, flattened, distorted from across the marsh, shooting its broad, level light across the water. Presently the sail in the distance started out like a red flame in the bright, steady, benignant glow. Again Jack and Dred were rowing, and the boat was creeping yard by yard through the water and leaving behind them a restless, broken, dark line upon the smooth and otherwise unbroken surface.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew warmer and warmer, and still not a breath of air broke the level surface of the water. It was maybe ten o'clock. The point of land they had been abreast of an hour before lay well away behind. "That 's the inlet where you see the sand-hills ahead yonder," said Dred.

"How far away are they?" said Jack.

"Not more 'n three mile, I reckon. I was mistook about its being so far away."

The pirates in the sloop were rowing steadily with the sweeps. Jack could see every now and then the glint of the long oars as they were dipped into the water and came out wet and flashing in the sunlight. "They 're gaining some on us, Dred," said he after a long look.

"That comes from a sick man rowing," said Dred, grimly. "Well, they won't catch us now if the wind 'll only hold off a little longer. But I 'm nigh done up, lad, and that 's the truth."

"So am I," said Jack. The keen sense of danger that had thrilled him the day before seemed to be sunk into his utter weariness—dulled and blunted.

They rowed for a while in silence. The sand-hills crept nearer and nearer. Suddenly Dred stood up in the boat, holding his oar with one hand. He did not speak for a moment. "There 's a breeze coming up, down yonder," said he. "They 're cracking on all sail. They 'll get it like enough afore we do. 'T is lucky we be so nigh the inlet." He took his place again. "Pull away, lad," said he. "I reckon we are pretty safe, but we 'll make it sure. As soon as we gets to the inlet we can take all day to rest."

Jack could see that they were raising every stitch of sail aboard the sloop. Then, presently, as he looked, he could see the sails fill out smooth and round. "They 've got it now," said Dred, "and they 'll be coming down on us hand over hand."

The young lady was looking out astern. Jack managed to catch Dred's eye as he turned for a moment and looked out forward. Jack could not trust himself to speak. Again the leaden weight of fear and anxiety was growing upon him—a weight that swelled almost to despair. He did not say anything, but his eyes asked, "What are our chances?"

Dred must have read the question, for he said: "Well, it hain't likely they 'll overhaul us now. If we 'd only had wind enough to carry us to the inlet last night, we 'd been safe; but the next best thing is no wind at all, and that we 've had. I reckon we 'll make it if we keep close to the shore, where 't is too shoal

for her to folly. Yonder comes the breeze. We 'll get it afore I thought we would." He drew in his oar and handed it to Jack. "You take this," said he, "and keep on rowing and I'll trim sail." He went forward and raised the gaff a little higher. "Pull away, lad, pull away! and don't sit staring."

In spite of what Dred had said, Jack could see that the sloop was rapidly overhauling them. It was now coming down swiftly upon them, looming every moment higher and higher. In the distance Jack could see a black strip lining the smooth surface of the water. It was the breeze rushing toward them ahead of the oncoming sail. Suddenly all around them the water was dusked with cat's-paws. Then came a sudden cool puff of air—a faint breath promising the breeze to come. The sails swelled sluggishly and then fell limp again. The line of oncoming breeze that had been sharp now looked broken and ragged upon the near approach of the wind. "Now she 's coming," said Dred.

He was looking steadily over the stern. The sloop, every stitch of sail spread, was making toward them. There was a white snarl of water under her bows. It seemed to Jack that in five minutes she must be upon them. Suddenly there was another cool breath, then a rush of air. The boom swung out, the sail filled, and the boat gave a swift lurch forward, with the ripple and the gurgle of water about them. Then the swift wind was all around them, and the boat heeled over to it and rushed rapidly away.

Jack was still rowing: the motion had grown habitual with him, and now he hardly noticed it. The sloop seemed to be almost upon them. He could even see the men upon the decks. Dred sat grimly at the tiller. He sat looking steadily out ahead, never moving a hair. Jack sat thrilled as with a sudden spasm, and everything about him seemed to melt into the fear rushing down upon them—the despair of certain capture. It seemed to him that he felt his face twitching. He looked at Dred: there were haggard lines of weakness upon his steadfast face, but no signs of anxiety. Again Dred must have read his look. "They can't reach us here," said he; "the water is too

shoal." Suddenly, even as he spoke, Jack saw the sloop coming about. He could hear the creak of the block and tackle as they hauled in the great squaresail. He could see the mainsail flapping limp and empty of wind. Dred turned swiftly and looked over his shoulder. "D' ye see that?" said he. "They 've run up in the shoal now. They 've got to keep out into the channel, and that 's about as nigh as they can come to us. They 'll give us a shot or two now; then they 'll run out into the channel again. What they 'll try to do now 'll be to head us off at the inlet, but they 've got to make a long leg and a short leg to do that. Ay!" he cried exultantly. "You 're too late, my hearty!" and he shook his fist at the sloop.

The sloop had now fallen off broadside to them. Its limp sails began again to fill. It looked ten times as big now as when running bow on. Suddenly there was a round puff of smoke in the sunlight, that instantly broke and dissolved in the wind. There was a splash of water; then another splash and another, and at the same moment a report of a gun. Boom! A dull, heavy, thudding sound, upon the beat of which a hundred little fish skipped out of the water all about them.

At the heavy beat of the report, the young lady uttered an exclamation like a smothered scream. The cannon-ball went skipping and ricocheting across their bows and away. "Don't you be afraid, Mistress," said Dred; "there be n't one chance in a thousand of their hitting us at this distance; and, d' ye see, they 're running away from us now. Each minute there 's less chance of them harming us. Just you bear up a little and they 'll be out of distance."

She brushed her hand for a moment across her eyes, and then seemed to have gained some command over herself. "Are they going to leave us?" said she.

"Why, no," said Dred, "not exactly. They know now that we 're making for the inlet. What they 'll do 'll be to run out further into the channel, and then come back on another tack, and along close into the inlet so as to head us off. But, d' ye see, the water be too shoal for them, and they 're likely to run aground any moment now. As for us, why

we've got a straight course, d' ye see, and our chance is ten to one of making through the inlet afore they can stop us."

Again there was another puff of smoke that swept away, dissolving down the wind. Again came the skipping shot, and again there was the dull, heavy boom of the cannon! It seemed to Jack that the shot was coming straight into the boat. The young lady gripped the rail with her hand. The cannon-ball went hissing and screeching past them. "See that!" said Dred; "that was a nigh one for sartin. 'T was Morton hisself laid that gun, I 'll be bound." Another cloud of smoke, and another dull report, and another ball came skipping across the water, this time wide of the mark. The sloop was now running swiftly away from them; growing smaller and smaller in the distance, her sails again smooth and round with the wind. They did not fire any more. Jack bent to the rowing. He no longer felt the smart of his hands or the weariness of his muscles. It seemed to him that he had never felt so strong.

It was not until the guns had been fired that the young lady appreciated the full danger they were in. Jack now saw that she was wringing her hands and tearlessly sobbing, her face as white as ashes. "Come, come, Mistress!" said Dred, roughly; "'t won't do no good for you to take on so. Be still, will you?"

The brusqueness of his speech silenced her somewhat. Jack saw her bite at her hand in the intensity of her self-repression.

"How far is it to the inlet?" said Jack, hoarsely.

"Half a mile," said Dred.

Jack turned his head to look. "Mind your oars," said Dred; "'t is no time to look now. I 'll mind the inlet. 'T won't get us there any quicker for you to look."

The sloop was maybe a mile away. Again it was coming about. "Now for it!" said Dred; "'t is they or us this time." Jack rowed desperately. "That's right; pull away! Every inch gained is that much longer life for all on us."

The water was now dappled with white-caps, and the swift wind drove the yawl plunging forward. The sloop was now set upon the same course that they were, only bearing toward them to head them off. As for them, their

leeway was bringing them nearer and nearer the shore. Dred put down the helm a little further, so as to keep the boat off the shoals. This lost them a little headway. Jack's every faculty was bent upon rowing. The sea-gulls rose before them in dissolving flight. The cannon-shots had aroused them all along the shore. Jack heard their clamor dimly and distantly through the turmoil of his own excited fears. His throat was dry and hot, and his mouth parched. He could hear the blood surging and thumping in his ears. He looked at the young lady as though in a dream, and saw dully that her face was very white, and that she gripped the rail of the boat. The sloop, as he looked at it, seemed to grow almost visibly larger to his eyes. It seemed to tower as it approached. He could see the figures of the men swarming upon the decks. He looked over his shoulder—the inlet was there. "Unship the oars!" said Dred, sharply; "'t is sail or naught now." Then, as Jack unshipping the oars tipped the boat a little, Dred burst out hoarsely: "Steady there, you blundering fool! What d' ye heave about so for?" Jack drew in the oars and laid them down across the thwarts, and again Dred burst out roughly: "Look out! What ye 're doing! You 're scattering the water all over us."

"I did n't mean it," said Jack. "I could n't help it."

Dred glared at him, but did not reply. Jack looked over his shoulder. The broad mouth of the inlet was opening swiftly before them—the inlet and safety. Suddenly the bottom of the boat grated and hung upon the sand, and Jack, with a dreadful thrill, realized that they were aground. The young lady clutched the rail with both hands with a shriek as the boat careened on the bar, almost capsizing. Dred sprang up and drew in the sheets hand over hand. "Push her off!" he roared. Jack seized one of the oars, but before he could use it the yawl was free again and afloat. Dred sat down, quickly running out the sheets once more.

Jack's heart was beating and fluttering in his throat so that he almost choked with it. Dred did not look at the sloop at all. Some one was calling to them through a speaking-trumpet; but Jack could not distinguish the words,



and Dred paid no attention to them. There was another puff of smoke, and this time a loud booming report, and the almost instant splash and dash of the shot across their stern. Jack saw it all dully and distantly. Why was Dred sailing across the mouth of the inlet instead of running into it? "Why don't you run into the inlet, Dred?" he cried shrilly—"why don't you run into the inlet? You're losing time! They'll be down upon us in a minute if you don't run in!"

"You mind your own business," shouted Dred, "and I'll mind mine!" Then he added, "I've got to run up past the bar, hain't I? I can't run across the sand, can I?"

"About!" called Dred, sharply; and he put down the helm.

Jack could see straight through the inlet to the wide ocean beyond. It was a quarter of a mile away, and at its edge there was a white line of breakers. There was a loud, heavy report,—startlingly loud to Jack's ears,—and a cannon-ball rushed screeching past them. He ducked his head, crouching down, and the young lady screamed out shrilly. Dred sat grim and silent as fate. Again the bottom of the boat grated upon the sand. "Oh, Dred!" burst out Jack, "we're aground again!" Dred never stirred. The yawl grated and ground upon the sandy bar, and then, once more, it was free.

Then Dred looked over his shoulder; he looked back; then he looked over his shoulder again. "Get down, Mistress," said he, sharply; "get down in the bottom of the boat! They're going to give us a volley." Jack saw the glint of the sunlight upon the musket-barrels. The young lady looked at Dred with wide eyes; she seemed bewildered. "Get down!" cried out Dred, harshly. "Are you gone daft? Get down, I say!" Jack reached out and caught her violently by the arm and dragged her down into the bottom of the boat. Even as he did so he saw a broken, irregular cloud of smoke shoot out from the side of the sloop. He shut his eyes spasmodically. There was a loud, rattling report, and the shrill piping and whistling of the bullets. There was a splashing and clipping. Would he be hurt? There was the jar of thudding bullets. There

was a shock that seemed to numb his arm to the shoulder; he was hit. No; the bullet had struck the rail just beside his hand. He was unhurt. He opened his eyes; a vast rush of relief seemed to fill his soul. No one was hurt; the danger was past and gone. No! some of them were aiming again. There was a puff of smoke; a sharp report; another and another; then three or four almost together. The bullets were humming and singing, clipping along the top of the water; one—two struck with a thud against the boat. Jack saw in a blinded sort of a way that the sloop had come up into the wind; she could follow them no further.

There were half a dozen puffs of smoke all together. Would the dreadful danger never be past? Was there no way of escape? The distant rattling report of the muskets came thudding down the wind. Again the bullets were about them. Jack bent his head, waiting blindly for his fate. He listened to the pinging scream of bullets. They were thudding and crackling against the side of the boat; again they were splashing in the water. Would they pass?

"Ach!" cried out Dred.

Jack looked up with an agonizing, blinding terror. Was Dred hurt? No; he could not be. There was no sign of hurt. Was that a little tear in his shirt? It could not be. Oh, could it be real? There was blood. Oh, it could not be. Yes; there was a great, wide stain of blood shooting and spreading over his shirt. "Oh, Dred!" screamed Jack, shrilly.

"Sit down!" roared Dred. He put his hand to his side. Suddenly there was a broken swirl and toss all around them. It was the groundswell coming in past the shoals. The boat pitched and tossed; there was a great splash of breakers that nearly capsized them. Jack sprang up. "Steady!" cried out Dred. The pirate sloop was far away in the distance. Were they still shooting? Jack did not know. He saw everything with blinded eyes. Was it, then, possible! Dred's shirt was soaked with blood. What was it now?—there was something. They were out in the ocean; that was it. The inlet was passed. "Oh!" groaned Dred—"oh, I'm hurt!"

*(To be continued.)*



THE PIRATES FIRE UPON THE FUGITIVES.

"The bullets were humming and singing, clipping along the top of the water."

(SEE PAGE 496.)

# WILD MICE, RATS, AND GOPHERS.

(Thirteenth paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

OUTSIDE of scientific circles, probably not one person in every thousand is aware of the tremendous overhauling that our American mouse, pouched-rat, and pocket-gopher families (and others also) have received during the last ten years. In the course of the systematic field-collecting set on foot by Dr. Merriam, Dr. J. A. Allen, Mr. True, Dr. Mearns, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Bryant, and others, vast areas of new

ness of our professional mammalogists in three families alone:

	Total species known in 1884.	New species added since.	Total on Jan. 1, 1895.
Pouched-rat Family.....	13	71	84*
Pocket-gopher Family...	9	23	32
Mouse Family.....	37	126	163*
	59	220	279

Think of it! An increase of new species amounting to three hundred and fifty per cent. in ten years—and we are yet far from the end!

This great increase in number of species, many of which resemble each other very closely, brings us face to face with new conditions. The time was when it was possible for you and me really to know every species of American mammal, and recognize it with comparatively little trouble. Now, however, with the lines of separation more finely drawn, we can hardly do more with the "rats and mice and such small deer" than to become acquainted with the typical or representative forms, and to leave the fine distinctions to the men who have the large collections.



THE LONG-LEGGED JUMPING MOUSE.

territory have been systematically explored, and an immense number of new species and subspecies have been discovered and described. Even now, however, Dr. Allen mournfully declares that "we know almost nothing about the white-footed mice, and the whole group remains to be worked over."

Glance for a moment at these figures, which will give an idea of the enterprise and thorough-

To-day we have four families to account for, the first of which is that of the JUMPING MOUSE, containing only two species, one of which is new. In proportion to its size, I believe this is the most active and powerful of all vertebrate animals. This tiny creature—no larger than a man's thumb—is from two and one half to three inches in length, with a tail about twice

JUMPING MOUSE.  
(*Zapus Hudsonicus*.)

\* These totals are larger than those given for the same families in the previous paper. Since the latter was put in type, Dr. Allen and Dr. Merriam have described twenty-three new species, and "revived" two that had been abandoned by authors.

as long as the head and body. It is therefore no larger than a house mouse, but it has light fore quarters, strong hind quarters, very long hind legs,—and it can jump from eight to ten feet! If a mouse weighing two ounces (average) can jump ten feet, how far should a one-hundred-pound boy of equal agility be able to jump? Figure it out for yourself, and when you have obtained the correct answer, you will properly appreciate the hind legs of this wonderful little mite.

When you are hauling in sheaves of wheat from the field, and a little animal suddenly makes a tremendous flying leap from the bottom of a shock, that is a Jumping Mouse,—and the chances are as ten to one that you will not catch it. Talk about speed,—why, it is actually flying without wings! This little creature lives on seeds and nuts, burrows in the ground, carries its marketing in its cheek-pouches, becomes perfectly dormant and apparently dead in winter, and is quite nocturnal in its habits. It is found scattered throughout the northern United States and Canada, in wooded regions from New York to Oregon, and as far north as Lake Nushagak, Alaska.

If ever an elf takes on the form of an animal, I am sure it will be found in the KANGAROO

KANGAROO RAT.  
(*Dipod' o-mys Phil' lips-t.*)

RAT, a droll little creature of the pouched-rat family, provided with external cheek-pouches nicely lined with fur. Of all the rats that ever lived, excepting white ones, the members of the genus *Dipodomys* are surely the most attractive and interesting. Instead of being ever ready to squeal shrilly and then bite your finger to the bone, like a common rat, these cunning little fellows do not attempt to bite you, even when first caught (so says Mr. Arthur B. Baker concerning the New Mexican species). The picture tells their shape, and I have only to add that their fur is soft, silky, rather long, and usually of a tawny-brown color. In length of head and body, specimens from New Mexico average four and one half inches, and the tail measures five and three quarters, with a very artistic tuft of long hair at the end.

From 1841 to 1887 the world knew but two species of Kangaroo Rats, and even those were

known by no means well. But during the last ten years the genus *Dipodomys* has received very special attention. Not only have sixteen new species been discovered and described, but a new genus, called *Perodipus*, has been created, and eleven new species have been found for that also. In the dry and sterile regions of Mexico and our great Southwest, from Oklahoma to central California, where the deserts produce nothing but sand, cacti, yuccas, and sage-brush, these saucy little creatures hold forth. They are apparently fire-proof, for no amount of heat affects them, and they are water-proof also, for its utter absence does not depress their agile spirits in the least.



KANGAROO RAT.

Mr. Baker says that Ord's Kangaroo Rat builds for itself mounds of dirt and gravel from one to three feet in height, from five to ten feet in diameter, and literally honeycombed with burrows and run-ways, as if quite an industrious community inhabited each mound. So far as known, these creatures are all quite nocturnal in their habits, and in going about hop on their hind legs, balancing with the tail, and holding the fore feet tucked up close under the chin, almost hidden by the fur.

West of the Mississippi there is a very large and numerous clan of our Pouched-rat Family, brought together under the generic name of *Perognathus*, and consisting now of forty-three species, of which thirty-seven are new. They are known generally as Pocket-mice; and the

COMMON POCKET-MOUSE.  
(*Per-og' na-thus fas-ci-a'tus.*)

COMMON POCKET-MOUSE may be taken as an example, even though it is the largest of them all. It is about four inches in length, to which the tail adds four inches more.

Next to this large group comes a small one containing only two tiny species, one of which, the LEAST POCKET-MOUSE, is, I believe,

the smallest American member of the great order *Rodentia*.  
 LEAST POCKET-MOUSE.  
*(Cricetodites parvus.)*

The next family, which is that of the Pocket-gophers, contains some of the farmer's worst enemies. Look at this fine portrait of the RED

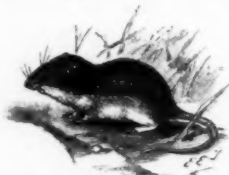
POCKET-GOPHER, and tell me if he does not look like a hardened  
 RED POCKET-GOPHER.  
*(Geomys bursarius.)*

criminal. Notice that big, chubby, shapeless body—a perfect bag in which to store stolen potatoes and corn. He has little, beady black eyes, like a snake's, and mean little ears that look as if a pair of good ears had been bitten off. Those large front teeth are so big and so ugly he actually can't shut his mouth, and on each side of them is a great, big hairy pocket that serves the double purpose of holding

mendous fore legs behind them, the farmer believes that Nature made a great mistake, for which she owes him an unqualified apology.

The worst of it is that the nature of the Pocket-gopher is no better than his looks.

He is so mean and so unsociable that each one burrows alone. Like a rogue elephant, he leads a solitary life, and does not even connect his burrow with



POCKET-MOUSE.

those of his very nearest neighbors.

Besides the grain and vegetables he eats, he destroys far more by smothering the young crops with fresh dirt. Wherever he digs a burrow,—and he digs many,—he heaps up a big mound of earth around the mouth of it, killing half a square yard of grass or corn, wheat or



RED POCKET-GOPHER.

stolen goods and carrying dirt. And those claws on his fore feet! Like the thorns on a prickly pear, they were made to do damage,—and in making them, and putting such tre-

oats, every time. I have seen fine meadows completely ruined by a multitude of unsightly gopher hills. And to the average farmer the Gopher is a difficult animal to trap. Now,



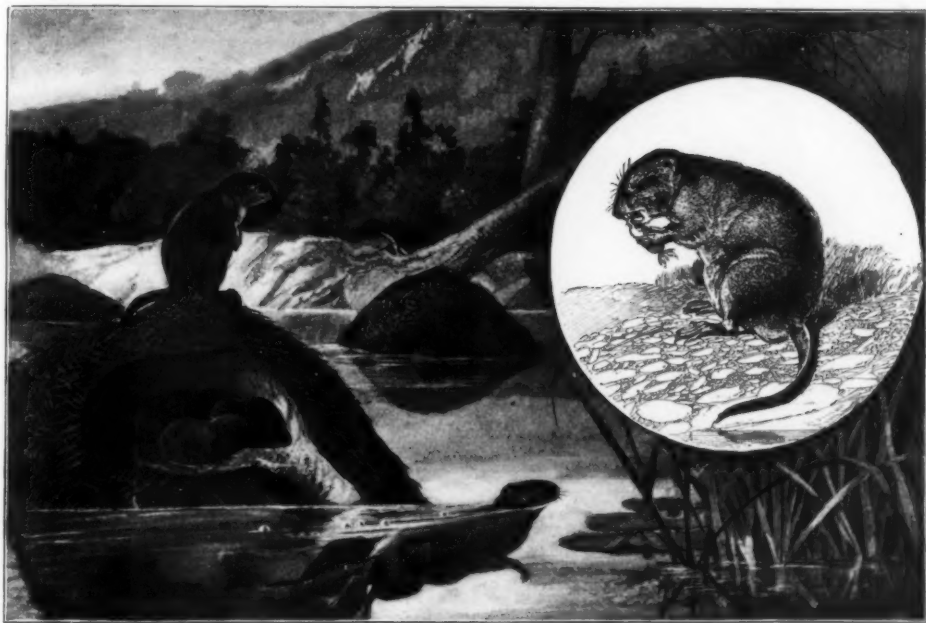
however, the farmers have learned how to kill them with wheat soaked for twenty-four hours in strychnine, using an ounce of strychnine to every bushel of wheat. The dose is a spoonful to each hole.

The Pocket-gophers, of which there are thirty-two species known at this date, are worst

Family, and one hundred and sixty-three species; and out of this bewildering multitude it is possible to mention only the representatives of the most prominent groups.

To me the lower animals are like people: some seem born to be liked, others not.

I would like to write an entire paper on the



MUSKRAT AND NEST. (THE NEST IS SHOWN WITH ONE SIDE REMOVED.)

in the prairie regions of the West, beginning at the Mississippi; but they are also found in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, California, the Southwest generally, and Mexico and Central America. There are but two genera, however, which is one comfort. The one known as *Thomomys* contains seventeen species, all of which are generally smaller in size than those belonging to *Geomys*.

When I was a farmer boy in the Hawkeye State, the big Red Pocket-gopher and I were sworn enemies. He invaded my father's cornfields and meadows, and since he was an outlaw with a price upon his head (our county paid a bounty of ten cents each on gopher scalps), I waged continual war upon him, chiefly by means of steel traps.

There are seventeen genera in the Mouse

droll ways of certain distinguished members of the Wood-rat, Pack-rat, Trading-rat, or Bush-rat genus (*Neotoma*); but it is not so nominated in the bond, and I must be more brief. In the days of our mammalian poverty we possessed but four species of this genus. Now, however, we are really rich in *Neotomas*, and have *forty-three* to our credit, with several rural districts yet to hear from. These are the amiable little rascals who come into your camp, or your home in the woods, and play the maddest pranks imaginable with your small belongings. They are not half so much inclined to steal as to play practical jokes upon you by taking little things from where they belong, and hiding them in the most unlikely places.

The latest narrative of the queer doings of

the FLORIDA WOOD-RAT, the best-known of them all, comes from Mrs.

FLORIDA WOOD-RAT. C. F. Latham, of Micco, (Ne-o'-ma Flor-i-dan'a.)

Florida. Previous to the destruction by fire of the old Oak Lodge, year before last, it was often visited by a pair of very sociable and quite harmless Wood-rats, who nested in a palmetto hut near by, and made

some cucumber seeds, and of these they took a table-spoonful and deposited them in the pocket of Mr. Baxter's vest, which hung upstairs on a nail.

In one night they took eighty-five pieces of wood from a box of beehive fixtures, and laid them in a corn-box. The following night they took about *two quarts* of corn and oats, and put it into the box from which the beehive fixtures came. Once Mrs. Latham missed a handful of pecans, and they were so thoroughly hidden that she never found them. About a year later the rats realized that Mrs. Latham had "given it up," and lo! the pecans suddenly appeared one day upon her bed!

All this sounds like a fairy tale; but it is all true, for Mrs. Latham says it is. Many similar strange stories of the Pack-rat have been told me across the camp-fire by Western hunters and miners. This creature is as industrious as the night is long. Although he is but the size of a common rat, he builds a huge mound of sticks, grass, leaves, and bark, two or even three feet high, and calls it home. For an animal whose flesh is said by Dr. Coues to be better than that of the squirrel, and is generally eaten by Mr. Lo, the building of such conspicuous nests is very injudicious, to say the least of it. A hungry Indian can see them altogether too far for the well-being of *Neotoma*. The



FLORIDA WOOD-RAT.



NEST OF THE FLORIDA WOOD-RAT.

it their home until some cats came into the family. The Wood-rats were big-eyed, handsome creatures, without the vicious look of a common rat, with fine, yellowish-gray fur, white feet, and white under parts. Inasmuch as they never destroyed anything save a pair of Mrs. Latham's shoe-strings, which they *had* to cut in order to get them out of the eyelet-holes, they were tolerated about the premises, and here are some of the queer things they did.

They carried some watermelon seeds from the lower floor, and hid them up-stairs under Mr. Baxter's pillow. In the kitchen they found



MEADOW-MOUSE.

accompanying illustration, drawn from a nest in the National Museum, is an excellent repre-



COTTON-RAT.

sentation of the large brush-piles of this very industrious and interesting little creature. The Wood-rats are very widely distributed throughout the whole southern half of the United States, Mexico, and Central America; and, as a matter of course, their nesting habits vary according to the character of their surroundings. Sometimes they build in trees, but often in hollow tree-trunks or logs, or under stones.

Our old friend the MUSKRAT belongs scientifically to the Mouse Family, though I dare say it would astonish him beyond measure to find it out. Commercially he is by far the most valuable one of the family. His warm fur coat is now very much in demand by the furriers, and when dyed a glossy black it becomes "French seal"! When Uncle Sam's soldiers are so unlucky as to be obliged to take the field in bitter cold weather, it is gloves and caps of muskrat fur that keep fingers and ears from freezing. I know also, by hunting experiences, that when camping without a tent, with the mercury down to twelve degrees below zero, a cap of muskrat fur makes a most excellent night-cap. But surely, with the picture on page 501

to help us, we need not tarry for a description of so familiar a friend as our architect of the pond and back-water, who must be a personal acquaintance of very many ST. NICHOLAS boys.

Of the great, wide-spread WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE genus (*Si-to'mys*: formerly called *Hesper'o-mys*), and its thirty-eight species, of which *Si-to'mys leu-co'pus* is the best known member, there is no room to tell. The MEADOW-MOUSE genus (*Ar-vic'o-la*), with twenty-four species, must also be passed undescribed; nor do I see how to save the COTTON-RAT genus (*Sig'mo-don*), the LEMMING-VOLES (*Sy-nap'to-mys*), and



THE WHITE-FOOTED WESTERN MOUSE.

the RED-BACKED MICE (*E-vot'o-mys*) from the same fate, except by the exhibition of a specimen portrait of each.



LEMMING-VOLE.



RED-BACKED MEADOW-MOUSE.

## THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.



BACK TO COLLEGE. THE "SPECIAL" TRAIN FOR NORTHAMPTON.

[*Began in the January number.*]

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE BOWER DESERTED.

RUTH, at home again, with all the little delights of home,—putting Elsie to bed, with her clinging arms and her sleepy kisses; doing the "marketing" every morning in the pleasant old routine; teased from morning to night by the ingenious Will,—thought many times of Fran's discontent with the "everlasting girls" at college. But she felt that no four years could change her place at home; and she had a new glimpse of the dearness of the home life, seeing its value with eyes the clearer for a different experience. The old scenes had a new charm.

Nathalie was homesick at first, and pined for "Ole Virginy." But the crisp afternoons of skating and sleighing were a new experience, and an uncommonly jolly one—when she did not get too cold. It was very pleasant to come home by moonlight—though all too soon it was by starlight—to a hot supper of chicken and waffles and maple syrup; and afterward to sit quietly in the library, with the hickory fire throwing incongruous dancing lights on the sober, heavy furniture, and leaving the far corners of the room regions of delightful, unexplored mystery.

Nathalie would sit with her guitar, playing softly, and singing "Dresden China," or some old ballad—dreamily forgetting that the room

held so many listeners lounging in easy chairs and watching her sweet face in the fire-glow.

"How empty Boffins' Bower must look!" Ruth soliloquized aloud, one of these evenings. "The pictures all turning their faces to the walls, the tea-cups packed up in the old Trojan Horse, and the bookcases swathed in blue-and-white bedticking."

"Yes; I have no doubt Tara's halls must have a soul-of-music-fled effect," remarked Will, leaning over to poke the fire.

"We shall sadly miss our little minstrel," Dr. Chittenden said, in the tone which gave weight to his lightest word. Ruth had always felt awe of her grave, tall father, which kept her from the lighter caresses which she lavished on "little mother." But Nathalie, sadly longing for her own father, had from the first day an affection for the stately old man, and had drawn from him a gentleness of expression that surprised Ruth. Now she laid down her guitar, and, standing behind Dr. Chittenden's chair, patted and stroked his hair, and leaned over and kissed his forehead.

Fran was expected the next morning, to spend the last two days of the vacation at Homewood. She came in gayer spirits than ever, full of the dances and theater-parties which had been given for her, and exulting beyond measure in a whole trunkful of new gowns.

"Did you see anything of those two Chicago Juniors?" Ruth asked,— "the ones that seemed so eager to call on you?"

"No, dear; I was out when they called. And I was glad enough. They're such sedate creatures, somehow,—too much like taking college home with me, like the Old Man of the Sea! You know I'm just joking, love," she added, kissing Ruth impetuously. "I love the dear old Bower, and am simply pining to get back to its peaceful shade. As for Homewood, it is just the name for this place! I *knew* your home was like this: it's a picture and a dream."

Then they talked of Nathalie. "She is prettier here than at college. There is more chance for her, more background for her dainty ways. Will will be losing his heart to the little witch!" said Fran mischievously.

"You do talk shockingly!" said Ruth, trying not to laugh at the ingenuous smile in Fran's eyes, and the irresistible dimpling of her chin. "Now put on that hat you say you look like a cherub in, so that I can forget your naughty ways!"

Ruth and Fran were both in high spirits over going back to the Bower. But Nathalie was very sober in the train, as they sped across Massachusetts from Boston to Springfield, now and then picking up groups of "the girls."

When they came to "change at Springfield," according to the very loud and nasal directions of the brakeman, they found the Northampton car nearly full of Smith students; and for the whole forty minutes they made things rather hard for such of the passengers as were of the "town" and not of the "gown"—although some of these were good-humored enough to enjoy the bright chattering and "Happy New Years" that were sent across them or over their heads, by girls oblivious of their presence.

That night the bookcases of the Bower shook off their dismal bedticking, and the pictures no longer averted their faces like angry goddesses.

And that curious feeling came over our Boffins that so often comes on a return to familiar haunts—that they had not been away at all, but had passed through a pleasant dream. And so things settled down into the much complained-of but much loved routine.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

"Ah, *please*, Mrs. Boffin!"

"My dear Ruth, I never made a speech in my life. I *detest* societies and pledges. And as for promising not to wear the hat that I look like a cherub in, the little pheasant turban, you might as well ask me to throw this dress away because, very possibly, the sheep got snipped in the shearing! You're a fanatic, Ruthie!"

"But, Fran dear, I ask you only to go to the meeting, just to lend your influence. You know you are a leader, and I need your help to get the girls together. If you do that, I'll let you off from the speech! And you need not sign the pledge. Only come over."

"*Perge modo!* Well, it's nearly two now,



so come along, and wipe that tear out of your soft hazel eye! Where's Nathalie?"

So all three Boffins walked across the campus, to join the freshman class, urged, by a notice posted on the bulletin-board, to "come together in room No. 4, to consider uniting themselves with the upper classes in forming a branch Audubon Society."

Ruth had gone into it, Fran said, with all the enthusiasm she could spare from her mill-girls. She had entreated the freshmen individually, "please to come," till she had gathered together thirty-eight of them. Half scared now by the size of her undertaking, she rose, after Fran had called the meeting to order, and began in a quaking but eager voice:

"Girls, you have doubtless seen in the papers of late, or have heard the upper-class girls talking about, the Audubon movement throughout the country. It has grown rapidly. Societies have already been formed in some of the woman's colleges, in sympathy with this movement, pledging their members not to wear the skins of wild birds as hat or dress trimming. I have prepared some statistics, showing the two great reasons for this crusade: one, a more purely ethical one, the cruelty of the methods by which the skins or feathers are obtained and prepared; the other, the scientific reason, that most beautiful and valuable species of wild birds are thus being exterminated."

She then read from a tiny red leather notebook some figures, and told tales that in the good old days of Æneas would have caused the listeners' hair to stand on end. Then she called upon one of the girls to read from a scientific magazine some account of almost incredible barbarisms practised in skinning the birds alive, to preserve the delicate coloring of the feathers. Next, she called for volunteer remarks.

To her amazement, Fran, the skeptic of an hour before, jumped up and said:

"Girls, when I came in, I had not the coldest sympathy with this thing, and now I am almost a convert. We see a kitten jump at the canary's cage, and we slap its paws, and say 'Naughty kitten!' and hold up its natural and untaught impulse as a *crime* before little children with like cruel propensities! And then we go down town and buy a little round hat, with

canary-birds all around the brim, and unteach all we have taught the child—who very likely will say, 'Poor little dead birdies!'"

Fran sat down as unexpectedly as she had gotten up; and a Miss Brownell now read from Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth":

"The thrush, that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood;  
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;  
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—  
You slay them all!"

"How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech  
You contradict the very things I teach?"

Then another girl, at a sign from Ruth, read passages from a poem by Browning:

"What clings  
Half savage-like around your hat?"

"Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird wings!  
Next season—Paris prints assert—  
We must go feathered to the skirt:  
My modiste keeps on the alert."

"You!—clothed with murder of His best  
Of harmless beings!"

Then Ruth rose again, and said, with the eager, naïve enthusiasm which had already carried along with it the half-unwilling Fran:

"You see, girls, we have the poets with us! Now, I know that some of you are prejudiced against signing pledges. We ask those that *are* willing to pledge themselves to give up wearing birds' feathers (except ostrich-feathers, which can be obtained with no harm to the birds), to come forward and sign this paper, entering them as regular members of the 'Audubon.' Those who are willing to lend their influence toward the support of this side of the question may—without taking any pledge—become associate members of the society. I do beg even those who have already bought birds, to

replace them with some other trimming, for the example of the thing. I feel as if I were pleading for little friends, and you would not need teasing, if you knew birds as I do!"

To Ruth's utter delight,—and it meant *everything* to her totally loyal soul, now given up to the cause,—there were soon eleven names signed to the unconditional pledge,—led off by Fran's: which move that young lady seconded by going home and at once retrimming her "pheasant turban" with dark-green velvet caught into knots by tiny gold buckles.

"It is the dearest hat you ever had!" cried Ruth rapturously; "and you *are* a 'cherub in it'!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### A MODULATION.

"O RUDDIER than the cherry!

O sweeter than the berry!

O nymph, more bright than moonshine  
night,

Like kidlings, blithe and merry!"

sang Nathalie, in reminiscence of choral-class practice in Handel's "Acis and Galatea";

"Ripe as the melting cluster,

No lily has such luster;

Yet hard to tame as raging flame,  
And fierce as storms that bluster!"

"O whiter than white trillium!"

improvised Fran teasingly;

"O sweeter than sweet-william!

O maid most rare since Helen fair  
Made trouble in old Ilium!

"Thy cheek is ever ruddy,  
Thy skin is never muddy!

Pray tell me how; by rite or vow,  
I 'd fain make this a study!"

Fran's mocking voice rang out merrily in the staccato notes, an octave higher than Nathalie's.

Nathalie looked up from the white linen handkerchief which she was embroidering, and laughed, as she threaded a very fine needle with a bit of refractory silk. "I wish I could do these initials as fast as you can make rhymes," she said admiringly.

"Don't you wish to hear my story for Rhetoric?" Fran asked restlessly. "Miss Folsom said it must be a 'bit of pathos,' so perhaps

you 'll need your handkerchief there! Anyway, it will be a change from that frisky song you've been rolling under your tongue like a sweet morsel for the last hour!"

Nathalie, patient with Fran's mood, smiled brightly, and listened as Fran read a half humorous, half pathetic story of Western life.

"That is charming, Fran," Nathalie said, half in smiles and half in tears, while Fran herself gave a dab at each eye, under cover of the big sheets of manuscript.

At this point Ruth came in with letters; and, handing Fran two and Nathalie one, sat down to read a chubby little one from Elsie.

Fran spent an hour reading the first one she opened, although it was only two pages. She looked so preoccupied that nothing was said in the Bower—Ruth sewing and Nathalie taking up her embroidery—till she looked up and remarked, with a nonchalant sigh, "Well, good-bye to Boffins' Bower!"

Then she walked across the room and flung herself on the "Trojan Horse," staring hard at "Mona Lisa," which hung on the wall in line with her eyes. "She looks as if she had been through things and understood them and accepted them! And she smiles that puzzling smile, which says, 'You will know, too, some day!'" she said aloud.

"What is it, dearie?" asked Ruth, thinking better of her first intention to kiss Fran, and sitting down on a hassock by the lounge.

"Oh, well," Fran answered defiantly, "nothing! Only father has lost everything he had in the world. Poor mama! she thinks only of me. She says, 'Come home, darling, and we will try to get along some way. It breaks my heart that you have to leave college.'"

Nathalie stepped out of the room, and Ruth soon followed, having tried in vain to think of something to comfort Fran. "Please do go away, Ruthie," the obstinate girl said quietly. "I've got to think it out. It's the very strangest thing, but I was half thinking I would leave college,—after our talk, you know, about its disadvantages,—but now I would give *anything* to stay!" And she turned her face to the wall till Ruth was gone, when she jumped up and locked the door.

(To be continued.)

# The Clever Princess



BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

## I.

A STEP rang lightly on the stair; the palace  
door-bell pealed;  
The sleepy page came tumbling from his stool;



"THE SLEEPY PAGE."

And a sudden radiance broke  
Down the gloomy halls of oak,  
For the little Princess Emmeline was coming  
home from school.

## II.

She hung her little mantle on a little golden peg,  
Laid her books upon a little golden shelf,  
Brushed her golden locks galore,  
Tied her little pinafore,  
And on tiptoe in the glass surveyed her royal  
little self.

## III.

Then she skipped across the corridor to find  
her Queen mama;  
But the pretty maid who met her at the sill,  
With a rosy finger-tip  
On her gravely pouting lip,  
Warned her softly not to enter, for Her  
Majesty was ill.

## IV.

On the stair two  
courtiers whis-  
pered, pages  
giggled in the  
hall,

Lords and ladies  
paced the floor  
with anxious  
looks;

And a group of  
grave-browed  
men,

Each with tab-  
let, ink, and  
pen,

In the council-  
chamber gath-  
ered round a  
table piled  
with books.



"THE PRETTY MAID."

## V.

One and all they  
bowed pro-  
foundly as the  
Princess, hurrying by,

To the throne-room, where the King was  
sitting, sped;  
And the sunshine of her face  
Brightened all the dreary place,  
As she climbed his knee and hugged him  
till the crown fell from his head.

## VI.

"Well, my Emmy," said His Majesty (and  
heaved a woeful sigh),  
"I am glad to see you home again, my dear."  
"Now, *papa!*" the Princess said;  
And he hung his guilty head,  
For he could not keep his countenance before  
her look severe.



"THE LITTLE PRINCESS,  
TIMELINE."

VII.  
"Something 's  
wrong," she  
said. "I know  
it! You're not  
glad, *papa*, at  
all.

If you'll tell me, I  
can help you,  
dear, maybe."

"You!" he cried.  
"Sweet, simple  
child!"

And he stroked  
her cheek,  
and smiled,  
With a sad, in-  
dulgent pity  
for her artless  
vanity.

## VIII.

Then she drew herself up proudly, with a  
slightly quivering lip.  
"I am in the Second Reader," she replied;  
"And I know my tables, too."  
Quoth the King, "Nay; that will do.  
To my Emmy's tender ears the dismal tale  
I will confide."

## IX.

Putting on in sad abstraction up-  
side down his royal  
crown,  
"You must know, love," he began,  
"this pleasant day,



"ON THE STAIR TWO COURTIER'S WHISPERED."

When I'd opened Parliament,  
To the palace court I went,  
Just one little game of tennis with Her Maj-  
esty to play.

## X.

"Fatal game! I served—or tried to; for  
perhaps you are aware  
That I'm not, my dear—well, not an  
*expert* yet.

Though I aimed the ball so nicely,  
Yet it did n't go precisely  
(Where I certainly supposed it would) across  
the tennis-net.



"ONE AND ALL THEY BOWED PROFOUNDLY."



"AS FOR ME, I LOST MY BALANCE."

## XI.

"As for me, I lost my balance, and fell head-  
long to the ground.

Do not weep, my love, my injuries were  
slight —

But a piercing scream arose,

As I staggered to my toes,

Which diverted my attention from my own  
distressing plight.

## XII.

"For Her Majesty's small pleasure-house  
stands just beyond the court,  
And she vowed, with tears, that she had seen  
the ball

Through the open window pass,

Where it *must* have smashed the glass  
Of her favorite mirror opposite, against the  
western wall.

## XIII.

"I believed her much mistaken, for I had my  
glasses on.

(Your mama is sometimes hasty, love, you  
know.)

And I'm certain, I may say,

That it went the other way;

So I pleasantly but plainly thought it right  
to tell her so.

## XIV.

"All in vain I argued with her; she was  
calm, but positive.

So I asked a dozen lackeys, young and  
old,

A professor and a peer,

All of whom were standing near,

And, believe me, every one of them a  
different story told.

## XV.

"Then I summoned all my councilors, I  
called my cabinet,

And"—he paused to wipe the moisture  
from his brow—

"I telephoned to town

For my lawyers to come down,

And they've been at work together  
from that moment until now.

## XVI.

"They have reproduced the angle of the  
window and the net;



"IT MUST HAVE SMASHED THE GLASS!"



They have measured the momentum of the  
ball;  
They have weighed me and my jacket  
And my royal tennis-racket,  
And they cannot ascertain the truth about  
it, after all.

## XVII.

"Some declare the ball deflected to the right  
or to the left,  
And the glass escaped beyond a human  
doubt;  
But the others still insist  
That it could n't have been missed;  
And they 've turned the question up and  
down and round and inside out.

## XVIII.

"They made a map in sections, and a  
dozen diagrams;  
They consulted every language, live or  
dead;  
And they talked and talked until  
Your mama was really ill,  
And I felt my reason tottering, and from  
their presence fled!"

## XIX.

There was silence for a moment while  
the Princess Emmeline  
Leaned her royal little chin upon her  
hand,  
And with serious eyes cast down,  
And a thoughtful little frown,  
Strove with all her little might the puz-  
zling tale to understand.

## XX.

Then the King resumed, in accents still  
more husky than before,  
As he struggled his composure to recall:  
"It is not the broken glass,  
If indeed — but let that pass;  
'T is the terrible uncertainty that's tor-  
turing us all.

## XXI.

"I have lost my heart for business, and, I fear,  
my appetite,  
For the strain upon my feelings is immense;  
And I'd give my royal crown  
To the courtier or the clown  
Who would solve the hateful problem, and  
thus free me from suspense.

## XXII.

"Whether 't is or 't is n't so," he sobbed, "the  
wisest can't decide;  
It's impossible to make their views agree."  
"But," the little Princess said,  
As she shook her curly head,  
"For goodness sake, my dear papa, *why don't*  
*you go and see?*"



## TWO LITTLE AMERICANS AT THE COURT OF KING CHRISTIAN IX.

(A True Story.)

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

It was the day before the children's ball at the palace that a maid-of-honor called at the house of the American minister to invite Ellen to attend. Ellen's elder brother, Hoyt, had been looking forward to the event for two weeks, but no children under eight were invited, and Ellen was only seven—plainly too young to go. So her mother had no expectations on the subject, and was well content to leave her little girl at home. Especially content was she because Ellen's head had already been slightly turned by royal flattery. The queen, while walking one day, desired a lady in attendance to ask the name of "that pretty little girl with black curls."

"Miss Ellen, the daughter of the American Minister, madam," answered the nurse.

The Queen of Denmark has proved a wise mother to her own daughters, but just then she yielded to royal impulse, and, turning to Ellen, said, "Tell your mama that you are the prettiest little girl in Copenhagen."

Ellen neither bowed nor answered. Her great black eyes gazed into the blue ones bent upon her, and she drew a deep draught of pleasure. The next day her mother found Ellen perched on a table before a great pier-glass; and then the child told how the queen had praised her.

This is why, when a maid-of-honor came especially to invite Ellen to the ball, her mother was somewhat disturbed, and said, "We thank Her Majesty for the invitation; but she is too young to go."

"But the queen desires her presence," answered the maid-of-honor.

"And now there is not time to make her a dress," the mother added.

"Something quite simple will answer; you

really must let her come"; and the maid-of-honor rose to go, as though the matter were quite settled.

The minister's wife and the seamstress sat up late making a dainty muslin frock that night, and the following morning, while it was being tried on, Ellen received a drill in court etiquette. "If the king speaks to you, be sure, when you answer, to call him *Your Majesty*—do you hear, Ellen?" for Ellen was evidently intent upon her new frock.

"Yes, mama; and may I try on the pink sash and slippers now, too?"

"Remember, Ellen," continued her mother, "you must *never* turn your back on the king or queen."

Thus the drill continued, with intermissions, until the time that Ellen and Hoyt entered the palace ball-room. Many children were already there,—blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little creatures; and though some were of royal blood, and many were heirs of noble houses, they were more simply dressed than ever were children at a ball in any great American city. When Ellen, cheeks aflame and dark eyes dancing, stepped in with Hoyt and her mother, the queen was there, very simply and cordially making her young guests welcome.

When she came to Ellen, she exclaimed:

"Ah, here is my little friend!" and to Ellen's mother she said, "I know your daughter already. I gave her a message for you a few days ago." To which the minister's wife answered, smiling:

"Your Majesty's kindness flattered my little girl greatly. I told her that while her black hair is admired here, in America the golden heads of the Danish children would be thought more beautiful." This delicate suggestion to

herself and her little friend, the queen accepted smilingly. Then, at an inclination of her majesty's head, the minister's wife courtesied, and the queen turned to greet a group of children who had just entered the room and stood shyly clustered about their mother.

When it was time to open the ball, it appeared that several of the boys were absent, among them the youngest prince and Hoyt. Several maids-of-honor immediately began a search for the delinquent partners, and hearing sounds of laughing from an apartment near by, they quickly opened the door. In the middle of the room, surrounded by several boys, was the prince, his head on the floor, and his feet held aloft in the air by Hoyt. He was receiving practical instruction in the manly art of standing on his head, but as yet was unable to balance himself without assistance. At the sound of the opening door, quick as thought Hoyt loosened his grasp, the prince reversed his position, and, almost before the maids-of-honor could see what was going on, the boys stood ready to follow them to the ball-room; and I do not know whether, to this day, that prince of Denmark can stand upon his head properly.

It was to Ellen a never-to-be-forgotten night. The crowds of happy children; the great room, brilliantly lighted; the strains of music; the presence of a real king and queen—all combined to make the scene a fairy-land, wherein events took place which made Ellen feel herself a sort of fairy queen.

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The king opened the ball with little Ellen. Hardly understanding the honor, some sense of it nevertheless thrilled her childish heart. She could not even see his face, so tall was he, but his strong arms bore her around and around, she knew not how, for Ellen danced with as little precision and method as the leaves on a tree, or the ripples in a lake. Yet all through her being she felt that she was dancing with the



"ELLEN RESTED BETWEEN THE KING AND QUEEN UNTIL SHE WAS READY TO DANCE AGAIN."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

king. It seemed but fitting, after that dance, to find herself seated on the sofa between the king and queen. With royal disregard to the claims of other small guests, and with royal indifference to the effect upon little Ellen, they lifted her up between them. She looked pretty, natural and unconscious, and was herself a little queen in all her ways! While Ellen sat there, too happy and pleased to feel proud, the other children danced on. With no thought of imitating their elders in manner or motion, the young dancers abandoned themselves with childish freedom and simplicity to the enjoyment of the



"ELLEN WAS EVIDENTLY INTENT UPON HER NEW FROCK."

hour. Those who never had been trained in the different steps adapted their movements to the promptings of happy hearts and light feet, and were as contented as the others. And little Ellen rested comfortably between the king and queen until she was ready to dance again.

The evening wore on, and Ellen was overcome with weariness and sleep. Slipping away from the children, who now were whirling around in some dizzy game, she threw herself on a couch. Just as the scene grew misty to her eyes, and the dazzling events of the evening began to weave themselves into the suggestion of a dream, she was aroused by some one asking, "Where

did you get your pretty pink slippers, Ellen?" and she opened her eyes. Why was the king sitting beside her and talking to her when she was so sleepy? She had a confused idea that he ought to put on his crown, and sit on a throne. "Please, Mr. King, don't bover me; I'm *so* sleepy"; and Ellen, turning her face upon royalty, slipped away to her pleasing dreams. "Little Ellen, little Ellen," said the king musingly, "it is not often that I hear the truth so plainly told, and it is refreshing to my ears."

Ellen, having driven away the intruding

monarch, remained undisturbed until it was time for her to go home; and she did not really wake until next day.



"PLEASE, MR. KING, DON'T BOVER ME; I'M SO SLEEPY."

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS  
NOBODY GOOD.



"GOODNESS me, there goes my hat!—  
But I'll not complain of that,"  
Said dear old Doctor Ebenezer Bites.

"Though this wind is rough on *me*,  
I am really glad to see  
It's a most delightful wind for flying kites."

## THE SONG OF THE METRO-GNOME.

BY ELSIE HILL.

HID in his funny, three-cornered home,  
Lives the little brown Metro-gnome;  
And always when Polly begins to play,  
Here's what the Metro-gnome seems to say:

"Tick-tock! Tick-tack!  
Poor—little—aching back!  
Patient hands, forced to glide  
Up and down, inside:  
Outside—golden gleams—  
Sweet spring sunbeams.  
Dull scales—drive her wild—  
Dear—little—good—child!  
Quick, quick! lazy clock!  
Tock-tick! Tick-tock!"

But, as Herr Klugmann declares, 't is clear  
*Something* is wrong with Miss Polly's ear;  
For instead of the nonsense that fills her head,  
*Here's* what the Metro-gnome really said:

"Tock-tick! Tock-tick!  
Not so slow—that's too quick!  
Tiresome child, listen to me,  
Each scale is an elfin key,  
Guarding close—treasure of song  
Till Polly's fingers grow swift and strong.  
But oh, when you idle time away,  
Being a Metro-gnome does n't pay!  
Wanted: A place in an eight-day clock—  
—Tick—tock!"



## A FAIRY TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

YES, Annette had certainly lost her way. She looked up the road, and down the road, and on each side of the road: but all in vain. In front of her she saw only the white, dusty highway, shut in by hawthorn hedges in full bloom, and tiring her weary little eyes in the glare of the sunlight, till at last it ended in an iron gateway and an avenue of tall trees. Behind her she beheld the same dazzling, dusty line stretching away, away into the dim, hazy distance. And Annette was too small a person to look over the heads of the blossoming hawthorns, and discover the country on each side of her. She was a very little girl—not much higher than the mile-stone she had just passed. Her brown eyes looked out under a white sun-bonnet above a white pinafore, and she carried a large blue silk parasol, of which she was very proud. It did not matter in the least to Annette that the parasol had a great slit down the middle of it, and had therefore been put away in the nursery cupboard for charades and other like festivities. In her eyes it was a resplendent ornament; and, as she was going to seek the fairies, she thought it would be well to take it with her.

Annette's father had gone to "the city," and her brothers and sisters were at school. Her mother was "counting out her money," and nurse was in the garden "hanging out the clothes"; so Annette had walked serenely out of the house, and down the lane, and across the turnip-field, and into the road. She had never been so far alone before, and she felt quite grown up as she walked solemnly along under her big parasol, with her dearest doll, "Judy," under her arm. She had not gone far before she had come to a place where two ways met, and then she had been puzzled. She had looked up at the guide-post and down at her dusty little shoes; and then she had appealed to the small thing under her left arm.

"Judy," she had said, "shall we take the straight road or the twisty one? The straight one has hedges with sweet flowers all over them, and the twisty one goes under trees among daisies and buttercups."

Judy did not answer; but just at that moment a gentle old cow had come wandering down the "twisty" road, and without another word Annette had taken the other turning. She had walked on and on and on, with a growing sense of expectation, until all at once she began to feel very tired, and to wonder where she was. She did not know at all. In fact, she had lost her way.

But Annette was not frightened. She was rather a brave little girl, and she had no idea that she was doing anything wrong. She had never been forbidden to go out alone, and she supposed she had a right to go and see the fairies if she pleased. The thought had come into her head, and she had not waited to tell anybody. Of course that was a mistake; because little girls should always tell their fathers and mothers when they go to seek the fairies, in case the fairies should persuade them to make too long a visit, and nobody should know where to look for them. You see, Annette had not considered that.

Soon a little brown pony came trotting down the road, and stopped when he was right in front of her.

"Where are you going?" said the pony.

"I 'm going with Judy," replied Annette. "We 're going to find the fairies."

The pony looked thoughtful. After a minute he said, "Get up on my back, both of you, and I will take you."

"I don't think we can climb on," said Annette; "we 're afraid—specially Judy."

"You need n't be at all afraid," answered the pony. "I never kick. See: I will put down my hind legs—so, and my fore legs—



"HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?" ASKED THE GIANT. (SEE PAGE 319.)

so, and you can take hold of my mane and pull yourself up; only mind you don't drop Judy." And so saying, the obliging pony knelt down in the middle of the road, and waited for Annette to get up on his back.

After staring at him for a moment or two in very great wonderment, Annette did as she was told. When she was seated at last on the middle of his shaggy brown back, he said, "Are

wicked pony," she said; "I am afraid you tell stories."

"Yes," said the pony, "I do; but nobody believes them."

"Dear me!" said Annette. "Please let me get down directly. Judy does n't like wicked ponies—I 'm afraid she 'll cry."

"I 'm not a pony," answered the strange creature; "I 'm a bird." And before Annette

had time to think, she found herself seated between the wings of a beautiful strong bird, flying through the sweet spring air as fast as the wind.

"Tell me your name," she said. "It is all such a jumble, and I don't quite know which you are, and which is Judy, and which is me. Do you know, I think Judy would like to go home; but I am not quite sure—it all looks so lovely from up here, and the air makes me laugh, we go through it so quickly."

"Is n't it nice?" said the bird. "I always did like flying best."

Annette looked down on the fair round world. Underneath her the fields and woods and rivers lay spread out like a map.

"Do you know any giants, Bird?" she inquired.

"What makes you ask me that?"

"I was thinking how different everything looked up here."

"But what has that to do with giants?"

"Why, it must look just so to them, because their heads are so high up in the air—but I *should* like to see a giant, and so would Judy."

Then the bird laughed. Annette had never heard a bird laugh before.

"You shall see a giant before long," he said.

Annette began to tremble, and the bird laughed still more, and flew lower and nearer to the earth, while Annette held Judy closer.

All at once she heard a sound of great crashing footsteps behind her, and a voice like a thunderstorm cried out to her: "Why did you drop your parasol, little girl? Little girls should n't drop their parasols."



"THEN THE BIRD LAUGHED."

you comfortable—you and Judy?" And when Annette answered, "Yes; quite comfortable," he advised her to hold fast by his mane with both hands. Then he rose to his feet, turned quietly round, and walked gently along in the opposite direction.

"I did n't know ponies could talk," said Annette.

"Nobody knows anything," said the pony.

"Oh, yes, they do," said Annette. "My mama knows a great deal, and my papa knows everything."

"Does he know the fairies?" asked the pony.

"He knows a great deal about them—specially Puck."

"He 's a mischief, that Puck. He gets on to my back every night, and rides me over the moon and in and out among the stars."

"Oh!" said Annette; but she did not altogether believe it. "I am afraid you are a very

Annette was frightened, and shut her eyes tight lest she should see something dreadful.

"Open your eyes, little girl," cried the same loud voice; and then Annette found herself in the hands of a great bearded giant.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "so you are afraid of me, little girl, are you? Well, I've got your parasol quite safely in my pocket, and that's where I shall put you."

The strange bird had flown away, and Annette could only hold tight on to Judy and hope that the giant's pocket would not be *very* dark. She found it very dark and very soft and very warm, and soon fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she found herself in a large, brightly lighted cave. The giant was holding her in his hand and looking at her intently. "Why, I could swallow you up at a mouthful," he said. But he smiled so gently all the time that Annette did not believe he meant it.

"Gallipots, bring this dainty morsel some food."

Gallipots, the giant's servant, went to a table, in the corner of the cave, where there stood a huge plum-cake from which he cut an enormous slice, and brought it on a trencher to the giant who seemed to be much amused. To him Annette was a mere Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He set her down on the trencher, and bade her nibble away at the great wall of cake which rose up in front of her. Annette broke off a modest little bit between her thumb and finger, and, sitting down on the rim of the plate, began to eat it.

"Well, and how did you like Puck?" asked the giant. Annette looked at him wonderingly.

"That was Puck, you know, who was riding off with you. He can change into any shape he pleases. How did you like him?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Annette, vaguely; for she was very much astonished.

Then the giant laughed a great roaring laugh, and he set the trencher down on the floor, with Annette upon it, and bade her finish the cake while he went out to pull up a few trees by way of sport.

Gallipots vanished too, and the door to the cave closed with a click of the bolt, which made Annette feel as if she were in a prison.

Presently a beautiful white cat came and rubbed his nose against her hand, and begged

for a bit of cake. Annette gave it to him, and stroked him gently with one hand while she held Judy with the other.

"I'm Puck, you know," said the cat. "I thought I'd better come and look after you a bit. Shall we go and visit the fairies now, or shall we go home to your mother?"

Annette thought for a minute, and then she said, "Thank you; I think I'll go home."

"Then shut your eyes and take hold of my left ear," said the cat; "and mind you do just what I tell you. Stoop down a little, we must go through this hole." Annette stooped down, and crept after him for several yards.

"You can open your eyes now," said the cat; "and please stop pinching my ear, will you?"

Annette opened her eyes, and found herself in a lovely wood among crowds of hyacinths. The stars were peeping through the branches overhead, and at her side stood an elfin boy with bright, laughing eyes and rainbow wings. She knew at once that it was Puck. "Hush!" he said. "Stand behind this tree, and you will see the queen pass."

He led Annette behind a big beech-tree, and soon she saw what seemed to her like a procession of flowers, all laughing and talking together in the sweetest of voices.

The fairy queen, who rode upon a white moth, was clad from head to foot in moonbeams, and she was so dazzlingly beautiful that Annette could not look at her without winking.

"Peas-blossom," cried the queen, "where is Puck?"

Then Puck darted away from Annette, and a silvery mist passed across the little girl's eyes, and she fell into a deep sleep.

She was aroused by the sound of the tea-bell, and found herself curled up in her mother's lap.

She looked round the room, and felt as if she had been away for twenty years. Then she looked down on her mother's knee to see whether Judy was safe. And at last she rubbed her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and wondered how she should ever be able to tell her everything.

"Mama," she said, "where is my blue parasol?"

"My dear little girl," replied her mother, "we found it in the water-butt."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SHALL I confess it? Your Jack has been taking a nap or two, of late, and the congregation, consequently, has been unusually awake. But then of what use is it to be awake if one gets no sermon?

"SPRING is here," says the almanac; "warmer, frequent light showers," says the weather report; "April fools!" cry my merry young folk on the First if a good opportunity can be secured:—and "April!" says ST. NICHOLAS, even before March is fairly over.

Then April it is, my hearers, and April it shall be. The fools of the first day will be keener-witted on the second, and sudden showers will write their slanting Spring messages upon the sunny air to every one's surprise and expectation, as has been April's way for ages.

But your Jack is now a wide-awake Jack, and—having the Deacon and the Little Schoolma'am close at hand,—he is a learned Jack, as Jacks go. In proof whereof here is an original clipping just laid upon this pulpit which will startle you, my hearers. Study it, my little lightning calculators, and you will see that an April shower, though over in ten minutes, may be quite a weighty matter after all.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches: an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 277 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre. The measures are English.

## A FLORIDA LEAF.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In my cabinet is a curious thing that I think all your young friends

would like to see. Some months ago a friend brought me a few withered flowers in memory of a visit to one of the beautiful private gardens of Florida. Among the collection was a thick leaf that seemed still fresh. This I put into my cabinet and forgot, until one morning I noticed a bunch of delicate green stalks on the shelf. I examined, and behold! from every point of the original leaf grew a little plant. These I carefully watched from day to day, until now there is quite a miniature forest, six or eight inches high, growing round the old leaf.

Now, who can give me the name of this leaf or plant?  
LUTIE E. D—.

## REFLECTIONS OF A CAT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Is there a catnip bed in your meadow, and do cats ever roll in it? If they do, they are sure to purr; and whenever a cat purrs, it is thinking. I am sure of it. Here are some cat-thoughts that I found printed in an old newspaper. I read them to my cat, and while I read she purred, and purred as though she agreed with every word.

Your sincere friend, AMY G—.

The old maid is the cat's good Samaritan.

If it were not for rats and mice, I should be an outcast.

I think I have a pretty nose when it is well rubbed.

I am blamed for a great many things the hired girl breaks.

In all my experience I never saw a cat on our back fence hit by a bootjack.

When people wish to sit down, they never see that I am asleep in the chair.

If I had not claws, the small boy would find no fun in pulling my tail.

The missis and I can never agree as to the place where I shall bring up my kittens.

No one but a cat knows how we always manage to land on our feet.

## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THE Little Schoolma'am requests me to say that the answer to Voltaire's riddle given from this pulpit last month is, simply, "Time."

## LEVEL-HEADED DOGS AND BEES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have been reading about Mexico, and have learned to my surprise that on account of the hot climate the native dog has no hair on any part of its body. Mother Nature, it seems, has kindly taken off his coat, for the simple reason that he does not need one. Also, for a similar reason, there are no little busy bees in that sunny country. Flowers they always can find, the whole year through, and so they very sensibly take life easy, and do not lay up any honey.

Now, will some of your hearers who live in Mexico, or who have been there, please tell us whether they can testify to the truth of these statements or not? Yours truly, A CONSTANT READER.



## A CREATURE WITH MANY HEADS.

(The drawings are from specimens in the Museum of Natural History.)

It was believed in ancient times that in a certain part of a lake or marsh called Lerna, in Greece, there once lived a horrible serpent or dragon, known as Hydra. This serpent, it was said, had a great many heads, all armed with poisonous fangs; but the strangest and most terrible part of the story ran, that no one, however strong or brave, might hope to kill it, for as soon as one of the terrible heads was cut off, another grew in its place. At last, after many had fallen a victim to the monster, it was slain by a hero named Hercules, who, with a burning brand, scorched the necks, after he had cut off its heads, and so kept them from growing again. Now there is, really and truly, to be found in ponds, marshes, and lakes, all over our own country, an animal, also called hydra, that, in everything but size, is far more wonderful than its namesake. In the first place it not only does not hurt the real hydra to have its heads cut off, but, if left alone, they will finally drop off of themselves and new ones will grow to take their places; and, what is more, the heads that have come off the animal are hydras in their turn, and grow more heads! Nor is this all, for in the second place, a hydra can be cut in pieces, sliced up lengthwise, or even turned inside out without killing it. All the fragments into which it is cut set up business for themselves and become complete hydras, and, when the creatures are turned inside out, the lining of the stomach becomes the outside skin, and the outside skin becomes in turn the lining of the stomach. One of the most wonderful facts relating to the hydra is that its fangs instead of being in its mouth are in its arms, of which it has from six to eight in a row around its mouth, and these turn and curl and twist in search of prey.

Whenever in the course of aquatic events any unfortunate little creature fit for the hydra's food comes within reach, it is secured and thrust into the mouth and devoured; for these arms have all the power of serpents, to strike, hold, and poison their prey. They are not called fangs, but lassoes, because they consist of long hollow threads. These lassoes are kept neatly coiled up ready for use, in little sacks or cells buried in the skin of the animal. Here are two sacks one inside the other (see illustration); the outside sack is perfect and complete, but the inside sack is turned or folded down in upon itself. One end of this inner sack, you see, narrows into a neck, a rather large neck or tube to begin with, but one that soon grows very much smaller and becomes the long thread-tube of the lasso which lies coiled up in its

nest like the little living serpent it is, quite ready to bite. As soon as anything touches the mouth of the sack the lasso shoots out and stings, and possibly the thicker part, with its hooks, buries itself in the flesh of the victim, and the liquid venom from the sack flows through the hollow lasso into the wound. The lasso cells are so near together that it is impossible to touch one without at the same time coming in contact with a number of them, so that not one alone, but many lassoes are shot out at the same time. Other tentacles now come into play; the victim, stung in many places, "faints," and the hydra secures its prey. Having been once employed, the sacks are useless, as the discharged lassoes cannot be withdrawn into the sacks. The hydra sometimes breaks into two parts, each part becoming a perfect animal. It lays eggs, too; but the hydra's favorite way of raising itself a family is by growing more heads. In this case a bud starts as a



FABULOUS HYDRA



LIVING HYDRA

(ON THE ACT OF TURNING IT INSIDE OUT.)

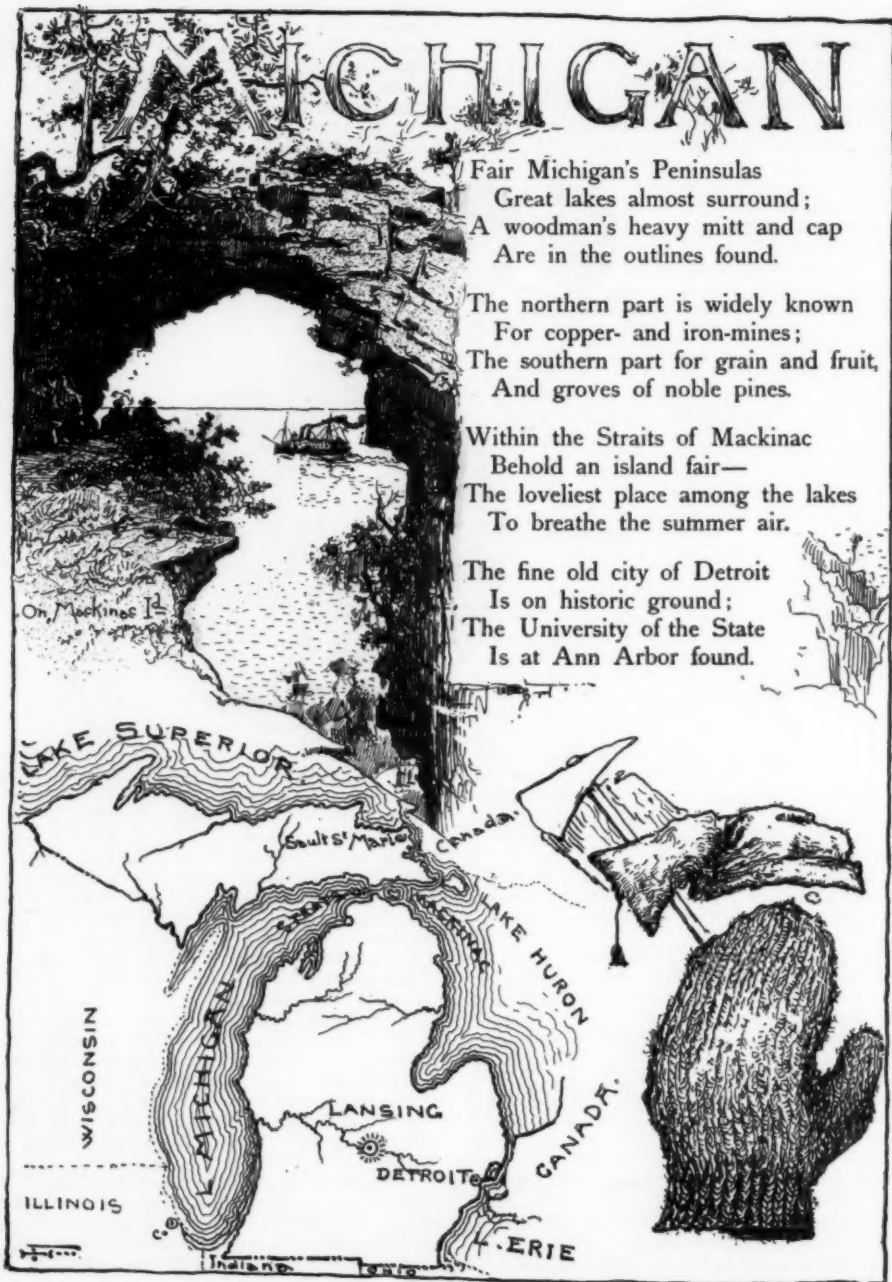
small rounded swelling on the body of the parent; it grows longer and becomes a stem, upon which is produced a circle of tentacles. Nothing more is required to make it a complete hydra, and it sets up in business on its own account catching and eating its own prey. Before it separates from its parent, however, a bud may appear upon it, grow into a perfect animal, which buds out into a third, and the third into a fourth hydra, all, child, parent, grandparent, great-grandparent, living and connected as the trunk, branches, stems, and blossoms of a plant.

J. CARTER BEARD.

Thank you, very much, Mr. Beard. Every boy in this congregation may now become a hero—and conquer his Hydra if he should meet one. Your hydra has the advantage of being a fact in the present, while the Hydra of mythology is only a fable in the depths of the past.

# RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



Fair Michigan's Peninsulas  
Great lakes almost surround;  
A woodman's heavy mitt and cap  
Are in the outlines found.

The northern part is widely known  
For copper- and iron-mines;  
The southern part for grain and fruit,  
And groves of noble pines.

Within the Straits of Mackinac  
Behold an island fair—  
The loveliest place among the lakes  
To breathe the summer air.

The fine old city of Detroit  
Is on historic ground;  
The University of the State  
Is at Ann Arbor found.



The Illinois, an Indian tribe  
Once numerous and great,  
Were all destroyed, but left their name  
To a river and a State.

T is sometimes called the "Prairie State"  
The soil is rich and fine;  
Her pastures green are dotted o'er  
With horses, cows, and swine.

Chicago, Queen of Illinois,  
Each rival has surpassed;  
Her clothes are never big enough  
Because she grows so fast.

A great World's Fair Chicago held  
Not very long ago;  
Beside the lake grand palaces  
By magic seemed to grow.





MARBLE-TIME. THE CHAMPION'S TURN.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. My father is a druggist. In the store window on Thanksgiving there was a bear-trap, but papa called it a "Michigan mouse-trap." The stories I like best in the December ST. NICHOLAS are "Santa Claus's Pathway," "President for One Hour," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "The Martyrdom of a Poet." I am always glad when you come.

I remain one of your many readers,

ELMA M—.

A CORRESPONDENT of Atlanta, Ga., sends us the following sentence as a test of spelling, in response to our inquiry in the February Letter-Box:

The unsympathizing satellites of an ancient sibyl, perceiving a sacrificial augur surrounded with stationery, who maintained sacrilegiously by rhythmical innuendoes the incomprehensibility of being agreeably benefited by the maintenance of an unwieldy plebeian upon a preparatory dietary of peeled monkeys which had been combated with a poniard, the hemorrhage necessarily dyeing their whiskers with vermeil hues, and tingeing homogeneously with porphyritic tints even the symmetrical archetypes which affectionately separated the sophisticated gaugers from the harassed cobblers, whereupon a peddler's monkey, seized with ecstasy, ate the solder from a basin, to the unfeigned embarrassment of the superintendent, who was balancing himself with unparalleled judgment on a stationary trestle-work with an auger in one hand and a leveling-instrument in the other, the cynosure of unprejudiced neighboring pigeons and partridges.

ANOTHER friend sends this letter upon the same subject:

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the following paragraph is the one you asked for in the February Letter-Box. There are also several others equally good in the book in which I find this:

"The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stock as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas.

"A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gipsy,' went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciuszko, a kaleidoscope, a drachm-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha, for deleting purposes, a ferule, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier, and a parishoner of mine, preferring a woollen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-recurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered; but schisms, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.' The sibyl apologetically answered: 'There is ratably an alleageable difference between a conferable ellipsis and a trisyllabic dieresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

HELEN C. MCC—.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama gave you to me one year for a Christmas present, and I enjoy reading your stories very much. There are many interesting places in this city. Among them is Druid Hill Park. There is a beautiful road that leads from one of the entrances to the "Mansion." The Mansion, which formerly was a

private house, is now used as a hotel. Not very far from the Madison Avenue entrance is a statue recently erected to the memory of Sir William Wallace. There are some very fine tennis-courts in the park near the Palm House. In the evening, after the games are over, a great many players row on the boat-lake, and they make a very pretty sight. I am very fond of poetry, and I study nearly all of the poems which appear in your numbers. I recited "The Boy's Cartoon" in school, and both my teacher and classmates thought it very pretty. I think the picture of Eutaw Place, in the August number for 1893, is very good. Excursion boats go from this city every day to various places on the eastern shore. I have taken you for two or three years, but have never written to you before. Hoping to see this in print, I remain your devoted reader,

JEAN E.—

MERAN, AUSTRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living in a beautiful old castle on a hill, about two miles out of Meran, called Schloss Labers, with dear little peasants' chalets all about on the hills. Behind the house there is hardly anything but wooded hills, and in front a beautiful view of Meran with the mountains in the background. On all the neighboring mountain-sides there are castles and castles. One or two made into pensions and the rest private residences. One of them belongs to Karl Ludwig, the brother of Kaiser Franz-Josef of Austria.

There was such a nice thing here, a little while ago: an open-air theater; but now it is too cold for it to be kept up any longer this season. They played once a week a piece called the "Tyrolean Heroes." It was the most beautiful performance I have ever seen, I think, for instead of having poor, painted scenes, they had the real, grand Tyrolean mountains.

I have a dear little pug-dog, but because he has a strain of fox-terrier in him he will probably never grow as fat as the pugs usually are. "Bijou" can jump quite a good deal higher than he himself is; can sneeze, speak loud (barking), speak softly (whining), and roll over, when told. He can drag a cart, too, as the German dogs do, with my dolls in it. When he gets tired he sits down (very un-horselike, by the way), and then my little seven-year-old brother promptly pulls him up by the tail. He is very intelligent, and when I take down my hat from the hat-rack he begins to sneeze violently, waiting at the door anxiously for fear I may not take him to walk. About twenty minutes from here there is a saw-mill, and some times we go over there and play in the saw-dust bin. Sam and I bury Bijou right up to the chin, which he does n't like very much, and when he is set free it is rather hard to get him to let it be done again. He's very good-natured, though, and lets us do almost anything we like with him.

Wishing you long life and success, I am your interested reader,

FAITH P.—

FOX CHASE, PA.

DEAR OLD ST. NICH.: We are three little country girls, and live about half a mile apart, in two of the oldest houses in the country, named Birwood and Ury.

In the year 1600 our houses were used as forts by the Swedes while fighting with the Indians.

Not long ago, we found a couple of cannon-balls in the cellar wall.

George Washington once dined in one of our houses, which was considered a great event by our grandmothers.

We look forward to the coming of ST. NICHOLAS with joy every month.

We remain ever your loving friends.

CLIFFORD, JESSIE, and SARITA.

CORK, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of ten years and a month. My father is a lieutenant in the British Army. We have been in Natal, Cape Colony. And when we were coming across to England, we saw at Madeira little boys who dived to the bottom of the sea. At Africa the place is very hot. Oranges, lemons, and grapes grow there. I am much interested in your magazine.

I am your interested reader.

J. H. W.—

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your little readers have seen and picked coffee? Here in Costa Rica there are big coffee-plantations. We had one ourselves, and in the season we used to go and pick it. The coffee season is in December. The coffee is picked by men, women, and children. It is something like the grape-picking in Italy. The natives dress very queerly; they wear a petticoat, a skirt, and a waist that has no sleeves. They speak Spanish. I have music lessons, and in February will have violin lessons. I myself speak English, German, Spanish, and I am learning French.

Last week we had feasts. Every year on the thirtieth and thirty-first of December, and first of January, there are all kinds of music and fun—it is like the Fourth of July. Costa Rica's Independence day is September 15.

I remain your loving reader.

LILLY M. D.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Soon after the New Year number of your magazine arrived, a friend of mine received a gift from Florida, in the shape of a small alligator. We had much fun over the article entitled "Beelzebub." Here the very same thing had happened in our family. Much to the amusement of our friends, he was immediately christened "Beelzebub." Thanks to the hints in your delightful paper, he is thriving very nicely.

I noticed in the "Letter-Box" a note from Elizabeth M. B.—, who possesses the spoons of Decatur. We, fortunately, have two large salt-cellar belonging to George Washington. They have his coat-of-arms on one side, and are very oddly decorated on the other. Any one in our household wishing to eat "porridge," may eat it out of a bowl over one hundred years old, with a spoon that was made in the time of George III. We have a fine "antique" flavor among us, have we not? Wishing you many years of prosperity,

I am yours very truly,

LUCILE W. C.—

CHARLEROI, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our quiet home ST. NICHOLAS is welcomed with greater pleasure than any other magazine or paper, from our eighteen-year-old brother down to our six-year-old baby brother. I am eleven years old, and have taken my recitations from the ST. NICHOLAS. When I read "Nan Merrifield's Choice," I thought I would do my best for Abraham Lincoln, so I committed his Gettysburg address. When I stepped on the platform, and linked both hands behind me, and recited the beautiful address, I imagined I saw Judge Lane nodding approval. I know my mama did.

Hoping that you may live forever, and do other little girls as much good as you have done me,

Your loving reader,

ALATHA M.—

P.S.—My mama gave me Lincoln's autograph.



## FOX RIVER, GASPÉ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Through the kindness of a good brother-in-law, I have been receiving your magazine for over four years, and the more I read it the more I love it. I live in a very quiet country place in Lower Canada, called Gaspé. Have you ever heard of such a place? I am eleven years old. I am very lonely at times, as I have no sisters to play with. I had one, but she is married, and gone away to live in Montreal. I have one big brother at home, eighteen years old. We have great fun together. We have lots of ice and snow here generally, but this winter we have very little so far, and no ice at all. I am very sorry, as I like the winter very much. I go to school. I can also play the piano. Every summer I go to Montreal, and I like the place very much. Our house faces the Gulf of St. Lawrence. My brother Edgar loves shooting, and kills wild sea-birds very often.

May you live long, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain yours affectionately,

WILHELMINA S. L.—.

## DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was able to read, I have faithfully read your valuable magazine, and I am now a boy of fourteen years, and still a constant reader.

I was born in Alameda, California, and have been at school in Germany since my eighth year. For the first three years I was at a boarding-school in Wuerzburg, Bavaria. My brother and I were the only ones who spoke English at that school, and we might have forgotten our native language, had it not been for your magazine, which our dear parents kept sending us. Even now we speak better German than English. After our parents had finished their travels on the Continent, they took us to Dresden, where we are now living.

I am working very hard to get through with the school, so that our exile from our beloved country, America, will thereby be shortened. We observe all American holidays most faithfully, the only one which we cannot celebrate properly is the Fourth of July, for there is no noise allowed here.

Dresden is a lovely city. Its gallery, museum, and the like, where entrance is free many days of the week and on Sundays, are an education in themselves.

In the December number of ST. NICH., just received, is a description of an American fire-department. We were much amused in comparing the way the American and the Dresden fire-ladders turn out. All of a sudden you hear a horn blowing a toot-toot, which, when once heard, is never forgotten. The wagons, etc., get out of the way, and around the corner come three or four teams at a breakneck pace, as they think, but you can easily run alongside, if you care to. Usually there are one or two hook-and-ladder companies, and a hose-cart; they have no fire-engines, but a hand-pump. Arrived at the place of fire, which—every time I have witnessed one—has already been put out by the inmates of the house, the firemen, attired in a dark-green uniform, with a hatchet dangling by the side, act as at a drill, moving only at a command. After a detachment has examined, and reported that there is nothing to do, an officer blows a whistle, they all mount; another whistle is blown and off they go, leaving an awe-stricken and admiring crowd behind them.

I remain always your interested reader.

A. A.—.

## A TRUE STORY.

(Printed just as it was written.)

We have a Farm of 'bout an acre,  
(Or, at least, we call it one;)  
The house, is a large old rambling place;  
But the barn, is the place for fun.

The hay, piled up to the beams above  
Through which we love to crawl;  
And many attractions down below;  
One, is Buttercup in her stall.

The dear old cow, is gentle as a lamb,  
But as every one must fail,  
She had a fault, like all the rest,  
And would put her foot in the pail.

In vain did we try to stop this trick;  
We tied her feet with rope,  
We fastened her tail to the side of the wall,  
But with all, not a bit of hope.

And if by chance papa had to milk,  
(The girl sometimes got sick)  
Buttercup seemed to know her chance,  
And would raise the very "old Nick."

At last there came an Irish girl,  
(The other one went one day;)  
She sat down to milk, and commenced to Croon.  
The cow was charmed right away.

And ever since that lucky time,  
When that Crooning song is sung,  
The ropes on her feet are taken away,  
And now, she is A No 1.

So Farmers, all who have kicking cows,  
I'll give you a speck of advice;  
Just get a Crooning Irish girl,  
And she'll charm them in a trice.

SADIE M. H.—.  
(Twelve years old.)

We thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Wm. D. C., Hally B. M., Lizzie B. L., Alvin J., Harry C. M., Edith McM., "Lady Edith," Beulah K., Victor C., Mabel C., Mary B. W., Edward F. P., Helena S. D., Mabel B., Arthur H., Harold S. G., Marjorie S., W. Noble B., Fanny P., Geo. D., Jeanie B. P., Mabel S. C., William S., U. C. P., Claire S. H., Berthany F. A., Leslie V. C., Audrey H., Pussie M. and Bessie A., Annie A. B., Olaf T., Alice M. J., Hubert O. J., Matthew M. C., Mamie W. D. S., Elizabeth C. A., Sylvia P., Florence A. P., Jean H., Bertha D., Virginia W. W., Adelaide H., T. Harold T., "M., Marie J. S., E. W. A., Adelaide W. E., Therese D. M., Renée M. H., Nina J. W., Wilhelmina S. L., John F., Jean S. O., Henriette G. J., Bessie E. M., Lachita G., W. D. F., Margaret G. H., Ava R., Charles A. G., Augusta I. C., Alma R., Helen H., Emily M. W., Edward S. S., Dorothea G., Pierre M., Eileen McC., Nelson W., Hugh McC., Herbert T. W., Elsie I. G., H. E. H. Jr., Angel and Fred. B., Morris and Gertrude E. H., Kate S. B., F. R., Eugene M. B.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Primals, Keats. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Eagle. 3. Alligator. 4. Turtle. 5. Snail.

**ZIGZAG.** Saint Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. sane. 2. bane. 3. sill. 4. fawn. 5. kite. 6. apex. 7. also. 8. atom. 9. curb. 10. Lodi. 11. inch. 12. akin. 13. scan. 14. eddy. 15. fray. 16. cloy.

**OCTAGON.** 1. Ant. 2. About. 3. Notre. 4. Turin. 5. Ten.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust."

**ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.** Pascal. 1. Pigeon. 2. Rabbit. 3. Fish. 4. Abacus. 5. Sardal. 6. Mussel.

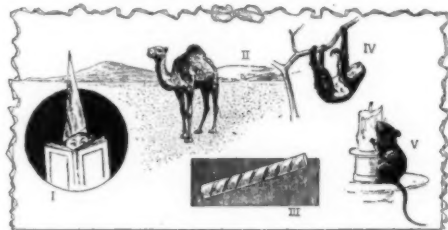
O, sad-voiced winds that sigh about my door!  
I mourn with ye the hours that are no more.  
My heart is weary of the sulen sky,  
The leafless branches and the frozen plain;  
I long to hear the earliest wild-bird's cry,  
And see the earth in gladness green again.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from M. McG. - Helen C. Bennett - Mama and Jamie - Ella and Co. - Paul Reese - Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. - Helen C. McCleary - W. L. - Mary Lester and Harry - A. M. J. - Josephine Sherwood - Fletcher Chaps - T. H. R. - Louise Ingham Adams - L. O. E. - "Jersey Quartette" - Walter Haight - G. B. D. and M. - Mabel Margery, and Henri - "The Tivoli Gang" - Mama and Helen - Marguerite Sturdy - Mewyn and William Palmer - "Will O. Tree" - Embla - Jo and I - "Highmount Girls" - Harold and Percy - "The Big Four" - "James family" - Sigourney Fay Nininger - Marjory Gane - "Hilltop Farm" - "Duck" - Lyle E. Mahan - "Tod and Yam" - Blanche and Fred - Ida Carleton Thallon - Paul Rowley - Harry and Roy Williams - "The Butterflies."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from A. C. R., 1 - Marian Townsend and Mary Clark, 1 - Everett T. Spinning, 1 - Herbert A. Snow, 1 - "Mistletoe," 1 - "Princess Goldenhair," 1 - Mary S. Compton, 1 - Lulu Hoffmann, 1 - G. B. Dyer, 10 - C. N. Briggs, 1 - C. W. Wickham, 1 - Lois Young, 1 - Myra Stephens, 1 - Alma Maas, 1 - Mary Wood, 1 - John R. Kuhle, 1 - Carl Riley, 1 - Belle Harrigan, 1 - Warren M. Newcomb, 1 - Narcissa H. Niblack, 1 - Waverly Baxter, 1 - Irma F. Rothchild, 1 - Francis W. Honeycutt, 1 - Isabel I. Drury, 1 - Ella J. Darling, 1 - Carrie de F. P., 1 - "King," 3 - Ella J. M., 1 - Mama and L. W. F., 4 - Lawrence Crockett, 1 - Victor J. West, 2 - Prudie Hitchcock, 1 - Kathleen Comstock, 1 - "Berkshire Grimalkin," 1 - No Name, Lawrence Ave., Roxbury, 1 - Augusta Gardner, 1 - "Four Weeks," 10 - Helen Koepfer, 1 - Morris Schwarzschild, 1 - Xena Crawford, 1 - Eugene T. Walter, 2 - Mary Caruso, 1 - Mama and Sadie, 7 - Thomas O. Hatch, 1 - S. M. Chandler, 1 - Cora and Daisy, 1 - Paul Chamberlain, 1 - Karl Smith and Edna May, 1 - Bessie Cuddester, 1 - Hugh B. Robinson, 3 - Mabel Riney, 2 - No Name, Towanda, Pa., 4 - Blanche Garlock, 1 - "The Twin M's," 1 - Adelaide M. Gaither, 2 - Franklyn, Farnsworth, 8 - F. C. Burke, 1 - Horace E. Hayden, Jr., 2 - Bertha and Mary, 1 - H. S. W., 6 - C. W. Fellows, 1 - Jay Fay, 1 - Mabel Wilson Owens, 1 - Julia A. Bennett, 1 - Joseph Nelson Carter, 6 - Helen S. Coats, 2 - Martha W. Lucas, 1 - Pearl F. Stevens, 10 - Florence Cahoon, 7 - J. T. S. and W. L. S., 10 - Hubert L. Bingham, 8 - William Adams Dayton, Jr., 1 - M. Louise Baldwin, 4 - Dorcas Below, 3 - R. O. B., 6 - Geo. S. Seymour, 7 - Marian F. Gragg, 8 - Alice and Malcolm McBurney, 4 - Sadie Hubbard, 7 - "Two Little Brothers," 8 - Katharine T. White, 1 - "Three Blind Mice," 6 - Maud Mulhern, 2 - R. S. E. and A. N. I., 10 - Kathryn Lyon, 2 - "Merry and Co., 6 - Harry and Helece, 10 - Ann Francisco, 4 - Dorothy Swinburne, 10 - Ruth M. Mason, 3 - "Tip-cat," 9 - Cyril Bruyn Andrews, 1 - Alma and Virginia, 1 - Theo. S. Butcher and "Mary," 2 - Claire Hall, 1.

## ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated Italian poet.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hoist, but not in pull;  
My second, in empty, but not in full;  
My third is in bad, but not in good;  
My fourth is in metal, but not in wood;  
My fifth is in pork, but not in ham;  
My sixth is in press, but not in jam.

Turn a few pages and you may find  
When I wrote this rhyme what was in my mind.

GEORGE L. HOSEA.

## ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below

another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a distinguished American author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An insect. 2. Final. 3. Wasted. 4. A plate or bowl. 5. Anything which allures. 6. To eat away. 7. An entrance. 8. A leading theatrical performer. 9. An aquatic bird. 10. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 11. One of a certain political party. 12. A dull color. 13. A tract of low land. 14. To imply. 15. A long-pointed tooth. 16. A ruler.

T. E. I.

## RIDDLE.

I'm seen in the day, but not in the light;  
I'm found in the dawn, but not in the night;  
I avoid the bright sun, and am ever in shade;  
And though out of work, I am always in trade;  
I shine in the stars, but not in the moon;  
I'm found in the ladle, but not in the spoon;  
I'm not in the storm, but in all sorts of weather;  
I'm not on the moor, though I hide in the heather;  
I'm always in rain, but I'm not in a shower;  
I'm in every leaf, but not in a flower;  
I'm not in the months, but remain in the years;  
And though not in grief, I am always in tears;  
I'm always in reason, but never in rhyme;  
And though always in harmony, never in time.  
In the Garden with Adam,—you'll hardly believe,  
Though perfectly true,—I was not there with Eve  
I'm found in the autumn, but not in the spring;  
I'm in every shadow, but not in a thing!

I'm not in the Whole, but in every part;  
And though not in your soul, I'm enshrined in your heart.

LUCY E. ABBOT.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

MY primals and my finals each name a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Soft and ripe. 2. A character in Shakspeare's play of "Twelfth Night." 3. Something that has short turns or angles. 4. One of a fabulous race of female warriors in Scythia. 5. A gorge. 6. Extreme fear.

H. E. J.

**TRIPLE ACROSTIC.**

1	7	13
2	8	14
3	9	15
4	10	16
5	11	17
6	12	18

FROM 1 to 7, a dignitary of the church; from 2 to 8, one chosen to see that the rules of a game are strictly observed; from 3 to 9, an evergreen shrub whose leaves were used to make crowns for victors; from 4 to 10, ardor; from 5 to 11, a puzzle; from 6 to 12, the price paid for the redemption of a prisoner; from 7 to 13, to go the rounds in a camp; from 8 to 14, power; from 9 to 15, the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea; from 10 to 16, a play of Shakspeare's; from 11 to 17, a musical term meaning "slow"; from 12 to 18, a dark crimson.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 6 and from 13 to 18, name a famous novelist; from 7 to 12, one of his works.

F. W. F.

**CHARADE.**

WHEN I reproved dear little May,  
She shook her curly golden head.  
"Am I so first second youth? Now pray  
What will I be second third?" she said.  
With saucy *whole* she thus beguiles  
Her stern old father, till he smiles.

M.

**DIAMOND.**

1. In clavier. 2. A vulgar fellow. 3. Responsibilities. 4. A kind of candy. 5. To depress. 6. A clique. 7. In clavier.

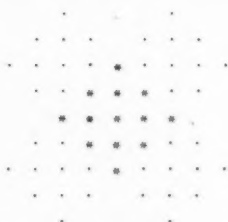
S. STRINGER.

**CONCEALED AQUARIUM.**

THE names of twenty-nine creatures that live in the water are concealed in the following story: which are they? Three sisters, Kate, little Ellen, and Sal Montgomery went to visit their grandmother, who had lived a century.

She would sit for hours watching the clouds melt and go by, and at night on a brilliant star pondered. How hale she looked! Not a shadow on her face, and her smiles whisper cheer to all hearts. She reproved a boy sternly who somehow hit, in going by, a coal scuttle, upsetting it on the carpet. His exclamation and his call opened her eyes to his carelessness. Words ensued, and Bob assented, considering he had best urge on her his innocence, although he absconded with her ring, a beautiful sard. I never saw a finer one. Her son Adolph in haste had docked his horses' tails, and followed the boy. He did not return till the evening was gray. Lingered about us was a wasp rattling his wings. It routed up Ike, his friend, who cries "Hark!" and giving a wink, lets the window down.

FLORENCE AND FLOSSIE.

**ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.**

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In sleep. 2. To cover the end of. 3. A frame used by artists. 4. To fondle. 5. In sleep.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In sleep. 2. The ocean. 3. A shelf. 4. Past. 5. In sleep.

III. MIDDLE DIAMOND: 1. In sleep. 2. A plant. 3. To let. 4. A serpent. 5. In sleep.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In sleep. 2. By way of. 3. Pliant. 4. An interjection. 5. In sleep.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In sleep. 2. Recompense. 3. Part of a building. 4. A tree. 5. In sleep.

HULME.

**HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS.**

THE letters in each of the following anagrams may be transposed so as to form the name of a holiday:

1. Daily for Palos. 2. A silly road-fop. 3. Soap for Lady Li. 4. Fairy doll soap. 5. Alloys paid for. 6. Dolf, pay sailor. 7. Aid poor Sally F. 8. I pay dollars, F. O. 9. Polly Ford, Asia.

A. C. B.

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